

the LINK

November 1965

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

ARCHEOLOGY -- A CAREER

DISCIPLESHIP AND DISCIPLINE

25¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL







THE

LINK



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COVERS

Front: Not the "three faces of Eve" but the three telephone faces of Carolyn. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Back: Those big black eyes look deep into your heart. Photo by Paul Duckworth.

Inside Front: It is all in the way you look at it. Photo by The Picture File.

Inside Back: We are grateful for the farmland of America. This is Sleepy Hollow Farm in California. Photo by Don Knight.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by Owen Gallagher. Spots by Volk.

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SOUND OFF

We Published His Poem

Thanks for publishing my poem. Your thoughtfulness inspired me to go on with my work. As always, thank you.

S/Sgt Fronzell L. Spellmon, 3700 Hq. A. B. Gp. Lackland AFB, Tex.

"The New Life"

In one of the chapels, I picked up a little booklet entitled: "The New Life." It is published by the Covenant Press for you. I am so impressed with the format, message, and overall quality of this piece of work that I would like very much to secure a quantity of them. I would like to have at least 200.

—Robert S. Hess, 169 Village St., Medway, Mass.

(These are available at 25 cents per copy and we will be glad to furnish them in any quantity.)

Another User of Our Name—THE LINK

We are, of course, horrified to learn that we were using the name of a publication of military chaplains. We shall change our publication's name at once.

—Humanist Association of San Francisco, Inc., 2460 Evergreen Dr., San Bruno, Calif.

(This in reply to our letter calling attention of the American Humanist Association that it was using the name THE LINK which we have been using now for 23 years.)

(Continued on page 65)

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Count Your Blessings

By David A. MacLennan



HAVE you heard the new version of the Golden Rule?" asked a Korean War Army veteran now working in a television studio. When I said "No" he gave it: "Do unto others and then 'bug out'"! We laughed at the cynical parody of the famous maxim for unselfish living. We both agreed that such a version or perversion of the Golden Rule (Luke 6:31) is a wise-cracking expression of the attitude and practice of too many of us. Translated into more proper English it advises, Get the best of the other fellow and then avoid further contact and all responsibility.

Something approaching this selfish, unethical way of living is the attitude of ingratitude. "Thanks for nothing!" says the man or woman who is sure that everything good, fortunate, valuable we enjoy is the result of his or her personal effort—or the way the ball bounces, the ball

of luck. Is it surprising that ungrateful and unappreciative people are rarely happy? Is it surprising that individuals who never, or hardly ever, say "thank you!" to benefactors including the great God in whose grace we live moment by moment, are rarely blessed with many friends?

If we are not appreciative we are likely to be chronic complainers, "Who needs us?" When we habitually harp on our bad breaks, our disabilities and deprivations, we need not be astonished if we are left alone. It seems to be a law of human society that when we are grateful and appreciative our particular little world enjoys being with us; when we complain, gripe, whine, the world leaves us alone. This does not mean that we should take a Pollyanna view of defeats and tragedies, or shut our eyes to the reality of evil in ourselves and in the world of men. It does mean that we emulate the great

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Christian apostle who urged his fellow Christians, "Always and for everything giving thanks in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ to God the Father" (Eph. 5:20).

What does this mean for you and me living in this world of 1965? In the simple words of the old Gospel hymn it means that we are to follow the directive:

"Count Your Many Blessings"

It will not only "surprise you what the Lord has done" but it will make life richer for you and for those in your family, your unit, and the larger community in which you move.

Why, or how will the attitude of gratitude increase the joy of living? The answer was given by a Protestant saint who lived some three centuries ago. His name was William Law and he was born in 1686. Before he died in 1761 he wrote what became a classic of practical devotional life, *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life* (1728). The Rev. Mr. Law lived in controversial times, was a Christian nonconformist who lost promotions in his own career because he stood for what he believed to be the right. One remarkable conviction of William Law was this: the shortest way to happiness is to be thankful to God for everything.

Doesn't it sound impossible and unreasonable? To thank God for what are obviously in the category of blessings is one thing; to thank God for *all* things is too much! But in everything a thoughtful observer may discern something ultimately good. Like the preacher who drove

his golf ball into a stream which was fortunately only a few inches deep, we may thank God that it wasn't any worse. Seriously, the thankful person is likely to be the happy person. The thankful soul concentrates more on the assets than on the liabilities.

For what are we to thank God? It is good to make your own litany or prayer of thanksgiving. Read Psalm 105 for a starter. Then list the benefits which you may not deserve and certainly did not earn. First would be for God's gift of life itself. How mysterious it is, that we should be here on this planet, kin of some of God's humble creatures and yet children of God. "Son of Adam, Son of God" is our pedigree as well as in a unique and higher sense that of our Lord Jesus Christ. One philosopher observed that he had little difficulty in believing that life would continue beyond physical death because the fact of life here seemed so incredible and amazing to him. If he had been told of human life in advance he would have found it extremely difficult to believe!

Next would be love—human and divine. God designed us so that we need to love and need to be loved. God provided unlimited possibilities for the needs to be fulfilled. Like the Apostle Paul as he thought of his loyal friends in one of the young churches of the Middle East, we too could say to more than one friend, "I thank my God in every remembrance of you." (Phil. 1:3). Then we would thank God for God's gift of himself in his Son Jesus Christ.

Said an old-fashioned saint of an

earlier era, "If He brings me at last to heaven, He will never hear the end of it!" We are not so absorbed in heaven beyond this life, but we too thank God for his unsurpassed gift, the disclosure of his love and of his purpose for us and for all his human family in Jesus Christ. Praise God for Christ's life, teaching, sacrificial death, resurrection from the dead, and continued life in and among his own within his present body, the church.

The American soldier-poet of the first World War, Joyce Kilmer, reminded us to remember to "Thank God for God." He wrote in his poem "Thanksgiving":

Thank God for the bitter and ceaseless strife,
And the sting of His chastening rod!
Thank God for the stress and pain of life,
And Oh, thank God for God!

Thank God that at the center of existence, at the heart of reality is not blind force, indifferent, uncaring, impersonal, but One who cares so much that He gave the Son of His love for us men and for our recovery from sin and guilt, from fear and meaninglessness, that we might have newness of life, and "life that shall endless be."

Our Country and Our Heritage

One of our common sins is the sin of taking so much that is good and true, excellent and constructive, for granted. Only one who has known the opposite of what we have known seems able to appreciate fully the

freedom and the other "unalienable rights" which were won for us and preserved for us at a great cost.

Listen to these words written by a sixteen-year-old Jewish refugee from a totalitarian nation: "I am thankful that I live in a land where, regardless of race, everyone may take part in national ceremonies. . . . I am thankful that I live in a land where the future seems bright and hopeful. . . . I am thankful that I am happy and free." We all know that everything is not bright and just and peaceful for all our citizens, but we also know that there is leadership in our government and in our churches and synagogues and communities generally to convince us that what should be shall be. God cannot be defeated, and God's will is for justice and liberty, equal opportunities, brotherhood and humane conditions for all.

Count the so-called little blessings, too. A famous character who lacked the benefits of modern dentistry thanked God that although she only had two teeth they both met! You can think of many "little things," everyday privileges and joys which enrich living. Count them and bring them with thanksgiving to the source of all goodness and beauty, truth, justice, health, life, and love. We ought to be among the Lord's merry men and women. Others seeing our hilarity in the Lord would be drawn to Him, too. "In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God for you." ■ ■

DAFFYNITION: X-ray—Inside information.—Jack Herbert.

Faith on the Move

By Mrs. Charles Cantrell

Mrs. Cantrell is the wife of Brigadier General Charles Cantrell, Assistant Commandant U.S. Army Air Defense School, Fort Bliss, Tex. This talk was given at a Protestant Women of the Chapel Rally.

I LIKE the topic "Faith on the Move." Many of us have moved more times than we care to count and still have many moves ahead of us. Of course, some of you are just beginning your life of moving. We recently had an occasion to check on all the addresses we have had since our son was born in Honolulu on January 6, 1942. He has had twenty addresses in his twenty-two years. Before that we had moved three times. That is a lot of moving in twenty-four and one-half years. But as I look back on all this I do not regret the moves.

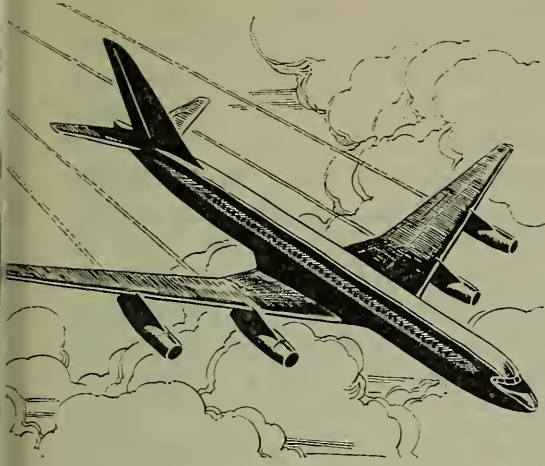
Someone has said, "People who move a great deal have no roots." Take a look at the meaning of *house* and *home* in Webster's Dictionary. There a *house* is called a structure for human habitation, especially a human habitation which is fixed in place and is intended for the private occupation of a family or families. On the other hand, a home is de-

fined as one's dwelling place, the abiding place of the affections. Thus, a home can be in any quarters: here in Iceland, in Germany, in a tent on a camping trip or in a motel en route to your next station.

Roots are really based on our faith in God and love for one another. Webster is saying, "Home is where the heart is." We can add to that, "With God in our hearts we can make and manage a home anywhere on earth." Wherever we go there is a church or chapel ready to make us feel at home.

Our Lord once said, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind. This is the great and first commandment. And a second is like it, You shall love your neighbor as yourself. On these two commandments depend all the law and the prophets." (Matthew 22:37-40)

I feel we are most fortunate peo-



ple because our neighbors are not only the ones who live next door to us now, but the many we will associate with in far away places of the world.

I have been asked, "How can you stand to have friendships constantly broken when you leave dear friends behind?" But are they really broken? Faith is loving one another, and just because we move our friendships aren't broken. If there is true love or a strong bond created between people, it will always be there, and because we move around the percentages are good in the Army that we'll see those friends once again, perhaps several times.

How many times have you thanked God for the opportunity of meeting someone new, someone famous, or maybe a housemaid you've had in Germany and you've come to be fond of as I did the one I had in Ansbach. We still correspond at Christmas. Had we lived in

one place we'd never have had this opportunity.

How many times have you stood in a new spot—the Alps, the Rocky Mountains, Pacific Ocean, or the Mediterranean Sea and marveled at the beauty and have said to your children, "Isn't God's world beautiful?" Our children have the opportunity to know that this is truly God's world. They see his works in all parts of the world and are able to share their religion many times with peoples of other countries. One experience I will never forget was in Germany in Ansbach where the General—then a Colonel—had the 210th Artillery Group. I sang in the choir, and at Christmas time one of the German Lutheran Churches nearby invited our choir and congregation to participate in a service with them. Our chaplain said a few words of prayer in English and we sang a couple of numbers in English. Then their minister and choir did the same in German. Very few of them spoke English and vice versa, but it didn't matter. We both had the same basic beliefs and the fellowship of the evening was an unforgettable experience for all of us.

Perhaps I'm wrong, and I'm sure many civilians will disagree with me—but I think our faith in many instances is stronger because we have so many more opportunities to have it "put to the test." For instance, the new Army wife moves into a community scared to death—perhaps it's her first post right after marriage and leaving home. She will find that when she comes to our Protestant Service they are non-

denominational. This may puzzle her at first, but she will soon learn how harmoniously this works and how happy we all are, working together in a common service. It's up to us who are already established, and I use that word loosely because maybe we've just been here two months ourselves. But, it's up to us to be aware of these newcomers and try to help them feel "at home" and to bring them into the activities of the chapel. They, in turn, will do it for someone else some time, some place else.

The one big test of faith that we all have is the family separations we must experience—if we're lucky it may be only once or twice. In my case, it's been many times. The first time was when the second World War began. We were in Hawaii in Schofield Barracks. At the time of the bombing our daughter was eleven months old and I was expecting our son. We were evacuated from Schofield to Honolulu where I was taken into a home and the hearts of the Musser family who were Mormons. They kept Marilyn and me with them and wouldn't hear of our returning to Schofield on Thursday, December 11, when we were allowed to go. One month later, on January 6, our son was born in a Honolulu Hospital. Mrs. Musser walked the floor with me while I was in labor because Charles was with the Battery and couldn't be there. When Steve was ten-weeks-old I had to leave for the Mainland, along with 2,000 others on *The Republic*. I have thanked God many times for the opportunity of meeting and liv-

ing with this wonderful family.

We were in convoy, of course, and every morning one hour before dawn we had to put on our life jackets and go on deck to our lifeboat stations and wait until the "Smoking Lamp Was Lit." Each of us silently prayed that God would guide us safely and that there be no Japanese subs lurking below. The last day out we had an unscheduled lifeboat drill about noon. A vessel was approaching. This worried us all, but it turned out to be a friendly ship coming to meet the convoy. We were separated three years that time.

Again we were apart for a year in 1954-55 when Charles went to Iceland. Then again for another year—last year, to be exact—when my husband went to Korea. Like the thousands of other wives and children who have been separated, each time we put our faith in God and prayed for the time when we would be reunited and could set up a new home together somewhere again. During these separations, if we have faith in God, and teach our children this faith, we can live reasonably happy lives. *But we must have faith in God and love one another*, and teach our children this faith so they and we can adjust easier to our moves—and help others to adjust to their moves. We'll always look for the good in things in the area in which we move and try to improve the things which we may not care for and overlook those things we can't do anything about.

I think you can tell by now that

(Continued on page 17)

Who Cheats Us?

By George S. Wilson

THE other day a lady bitterly complained to her companion on Fourth Avenue, "It isn't money I mind; it's that I hate to be taken in!" Those of us who waited for the signal with her shared her anger, for all of us hate to be cheated.

Why then, do we put up with it? Men were asking this question before the time of Christ. Isaiah asked the people of his day, Why do you spend your money for that which obviously is not real bread? Why do you sacrifice in order to get that which obviously is not worth having? The Archbishop of Canterbury once said that life is like a great store window in which pranksters have switched the price tags. Now things of great value are priced as cheap trash and the worthless baubles are priced high. The terrible tragedy, is that we go along with the gag and are taken in.

Let's take an example. The parents say, "We let Johnny quit his piano lessons. It was too much of a struggle to make him practice." So Johnny never learns to play the piano even for his own amusement; and worse, he doesn't learn the discipline of making a consistent effort.

Let's look at another example of misplaced price tags. Do you know of a marriage that is on the rocks? Why? Is it because of some important reason? What is the basic problem? Ten to one it's nothing of real importance. Tension from the trivia of selfishness. *A man and a woman discovered that growing pains are not restricted to childhood.* Most often it's little more than the sum of petty and needless annoyances. And for any of these to wreck a home—endanger the future of children! And we say we have been cheated.

I once was the pastor of a small country church. Half the congregation refused to speak to the other half. Bitterness was evident everywhere. Every sermon was for the other half. What was the cause of the rift? A ten-year-old argument between two men over the type of cabinet doors to be put in the church kitchen.

Was this enough to jeopardize the religious life of a community? I don't know whether God laughed or wept to see a church supposed to be the laboratory of his truth engaged in this farce.

Who cheats us? Usually we cheat ourselves. We all too often exchange something important for something that doesn't really matter. Take a good look at the articles and the price tags, then pay your money and take your choice. ■ ■

The Life I Owe

By Janet Craig-James

A successful life is one that is spent, not saved

AS he stood facing his wife, Margaret, John Maxwell presented a picture of the typical, successful executive: a thatch of wiry, black hair, groomed into fashionable disorder by an expert barber; a suit hugging his wide frame in just the right places, and butter-soft, hand-made shoes. But John's hands betrayed him. They were a little out of character. Thick, square, and with a tan that seemed to come from within, they were the hands of a farmer.

He and Margaret were only a few feet apart, but he had a feeling that the whole world stretched between them. Through the open window he could hear her car purring in the driveway, and he pictured young Michael sitting scrunched down in the front seat waiting for her.

Staring into Margaret's clear, green-flecked eyes, he thought in panic, *What she's really saying is that she's leaving me. This trip to*

her sister's is just an excuse. She's never coming back. But why? why?

Anger stirred in him. Hadn't he given her everything? And Michael, too. The best schools, all the advantages. Then what made a ten-year-old steal at school and become a consummate liar?

Thinking of Michael jerked him back to the present. *He* was the real cause of all the trouble. What was it Margaret had said when he had suggested a psychiatrist? "What Michael needs is a *father*."

Now she was drawing on her gloves. There was a finality to her movements that sent him across the room, pretending to leaf through the papers on his desk. He cleared his throat.

"Maybe next year I'll be able to plan some holidays. We could all go to the Cape." He knew he was merely mouthing words. For years his vacations had consisted of golf games with valued clients.



"That would be nice. Goodby, John—" her reply was polite, flat and equally meaningless, and then she was gone, her heels beating a brave little tattoo across the hardwood floor and then down the hall.

He found himself straining his ears for the muffled thud of the front door, the metallic click as she closed herself in behind the wheel, and then the diminishing throb of the engine as she drove away.

ONLY then he realized he had been holding his breath. In the

hope that she would change her mind? He didn't know. But a trifle unsteadily he groped his way to a leather chair and sank into it. Now that she was gone he could see her more clearly than when she had been standing looking at him. The little, sprite-like face had changed so little in their eleven years of marriage, except the soft mouth had firmed a little, and the eyes which had flashed a mixture of merriment and innocence had assumed a probing, questioning look. That was one of the things he couldn't stand. She made him feel

as if he were always under a microscope, even as she fulfilled her duties as the wife of a public relations vice-president. Sometimes when they were entertaining, he would find himself halted in midstream at the high point of a witty sally, to find her staring at him as if he were some strange specimen, or a stranger who had wandered into their home by mistake.

He gazed around the sunlit living room, and the sound of silence crowded in upon him. Despite his phenomenal success in business, Margaret refused to have full-time help, and so he was alone. He spent so little time here, even on weekends that he had not realized until this moment that a person can give life to inanimate objects. They were all here; the muted carpets and draperies, the warm touches of color on the chesterfield and wing-backed chairs, the patina of sterling silver, but their spirit had fled.

John combed his hair with his fingers. He had never been the brooding type, and he didn't intend becoming that now. He could always go to the Club. Wasn't that where men always went when they were left on their own! The thought died as quickly as it had come. He knew he couldn't stand the hearty murmur of men's voices, the air of camaraderie which somehow never really touched him. He had never been able to understand that. He knew they respected him. Then why couldn't they like him?

The silence, the emptiness were reaching out, trying to engulf him. Was it like this for Margaret when

he was in the city and Michael away at school? But women were different, weren't they? They had so many things to fill their time.

It hadn't been like that when they were first married and he had been a junior with Martin and Berwick. She always had a million things to tell him. Her days were never long enough. She had laughed when he told her about his dreams. Laughed—not really about his dreams, but about the things he was going to do when his dreams came true.

"But I don't want fur coats, and pearls and cars," she had said, twisting his black hair into two horns, and prancing up and down in front of him like a bullfighter. "I just want you, John. Just *you*."

And she had laid her sprite-like face against his, gently and lovingly.

He fidgeted restlessly.

Why had Margaret found it so difficult to understand what success meant to him? It had been a long, hard pull for an impoverished farm boy. He looked down at his hands—those all-revealing hands. Nothing to drive him on but his father's encouragement. But encouragement couldn't eliminate the chores that had to be done after school; it couldn't eliminate working every holiday; it couldn't eliminate humiliating things like waiting on tables in college and never having money to do what the other fellows did.

He picked up a magazine and leafed through it aimlessly. The silence was getting on his nerves. It was unnatural. He would even welcome the sound of Michael's bike being hurled down in the breeze—

way. Could he actually face the prospect of living here alone, permanently. It was all right spending as much of your time as you liked elsewhere, just so long as you knew your home and family would be there when you decided to return to it. He flung the magazine aside. He had prided himself on his self-sufficiency, but now all his thoughts were of Margaret. Apart from his father, she was the only person who really loved him. Michael accorded him a terrified respect.

JOHN pulled himself to his feet and wandered over to his desk. Somewhere among the litter was his father's last letter. He stirred the pile around listlessly. Margaret loved his father and did all the letter writing, chose suitable gifts, and sent snapshots. He supposed he had a mental block about writing his dad. His father symbolized the farm which he hated, and yet there was something about the farm and his father that drew his mind back again and again. Maybe it was the uncomplicated happiness that shone out his father's eyes, despite the work and hardships. A happiness which had eluded *him*, despite the money he had made.

His fingers finally came up with the letter, but instead of taking it out of the envelope, he held it in his hand, pondering. Margaret had read it to him at breakfast one morning. "For the first time, I'm beginning to feel old, Son."

He wandered over to the picture window and stared out at the rose garden beyond. But he saw nothing.

He was back at the farm and he was about eighteen, home from college for the holidays. He and his dad were looking over at the old Kenny place. It had been taken over by people called Mason. Beyond the familiar snake fences where once had waved acres of tall, sturdy corn, a few impoverished looking cattle huddled dejectedly in the middle of the nearest field, and beyond them he could distinguish the farmhouse unpainted and overrun with weeds.

"These new people don't know anything about farming," his father had said. "All they're interested in is taking everything they can out of the land, and putting nothing back into it."

John had replied with the impatience of youth, "There's no excuse for it nowadays, Dad. Even people who know nothing about farming can get all the help and information they need. There are chemical fertilizers, and there's crop rotation. . . ."

Now, almost against his will it seemed, he remembered his father's reply.

"The trouble with the Masons is that they're like a lot of other people," there was a soft, mystical sheen in his eyes. "They don't understand the land. It isn't enough to put chemicals in it and shift your crops around. You've got to put some of yourself back into it. The earth's funny. It knows if you don't, and it just dies, that's all."

John turned from the window, hands in pockets, and paced the empty room. For some reason the phrase, "You've got to put some of

yourself back into it," kept echoing in his ears like a theme from a piece of music. It seemed to tie in with something he had learned as a boy.

He probed his memory. However he did it he must learn why his success had proved so unsuccessful.

Suddenly it came back to him. He was in church and the grownups were singing, *I give Thee back the life I owe*. . . . And now, at last, he had discovered where he had gone wrong. Life was like the land. You had to put some of yourself back into it, or everything died. The warmth of a voice, the concern in a pair of green-flecked eyes, even love itself.

John stood still. But he *had* put a lot back into life. Checks made out to the church. A beautiful home for Margaret, expensive schools for Michael, summers at the ocean. But it wasn't merely money God wanted. He was saying what Margaret had said years ago. "I don't want things. I want *you*, John." He knew, too, what Margaret had meant when she said, "Michael needs a father."

Once more John returned to the desk. This time he picked up his father's letter and held it in an agonized grip. His father's happiness had been deep and lasting because he had given unstintingly of himself all his life. Of himself, and as much money as he could spare from the farm. Although the money had been inadequate, he had given his all, and no one could do more.

John stood with head downcast. He was suddenly humble. It was much easier to give things than yourself, and he had just discovered how little he had to give.



And yet there *were* things he could do. He drew a piece of writing paper towards him. First of all he would write a letter to his father. A real, son-to-father letter, the first he had written since leaving home. Maybe he could arrange for someone to help his father work the land. Admitted, this was something only money could do, but his heart would be prompting it. Then, he would go after Margaret and Michael. Try to explain what he had just discovered, and suggest they all go to the farm for a holiday. In his mind's eye he could see the joy in his father's face when he saw them.

He picked up the pen and looked down at his hands, his farmer's hands. They were trembling, and his eyes were strangely blurred as he started to write. "Dear Dad . . ."

John Maxwell *could* give of himself after all. ■ ■

Faith on the Move

(Continued from page 10)

I love the Army. I love moving to new areas and meeting new people. My family and the General's family are civilians and they can't understand how I can be so fond of moving from "pillar to post," as they put it. But if they could have seen the beautiful places I've been and met the wonderful people I've met, they would understand.

I would argue with anyone about our not having roots. We do have roots. They are in *our faith*. Our faith and our homes are in our hearts wherever we live. ■ ■

Daily Bible Readings

NOVEMBER

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	James	2
2	James	3
3	James	4
4	James	5
5	Revelation	1
6	Revelation	2
7 Sunday	Revelation	3
8	Revelation	5
9	Revelation	7
10	Hosea	6
11	Hosea	11
12	Joel	2
13	Amos	5
14 Sunday	Amos	7
15	Amos	8
16	Amos	9
17	Jonah	1
18	Jonah	2
19	Jonah	3
20	Jonah	4
21 Sunday	Micah	6
22	Habakkuk	2
23	Habakkuk	3
24	Malachi	3
25 Thanksgiving	Psalms	1
26	Psalms	23
27	Psalms	27
28 Advent	Isaiah	9:2-7
29	Psalms	37
30	Psalms	46

FAITH

Defined in 5 letters:

Forsaking

All

I

Take

Him.

America's First Official Thanksgiving Day

By Henry N. Ferguson

IN 1789, George Washington was serving his first year as President of the United States, and the Capitol of the nation was in New York City.

After prayerful deliberation, and in spite of opposition in high places, Washington that year issued the following proclamation:

That Thursday, November 26, be devoted by the people of these United States to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be.

He reminded the citizens of the divine care and protection they had enjoyed before and during the Revolutionary War. He cited their religious liberty, the material possessions that were theirs, and the opportunity they had to establish a form of government designed for the safety and happiness of the people.

It was the first official notice this nation has taken of Thanksgiving Day, although its history could be traced back to 1621 when the New

England Pilgrims initiated the first such festival.

When the November day arrived, George Washington and his wife, Martha, marked the historic occasion by preparing a stately dinner at the executive mansion on Franklin Square. In typically dignified, colonial fashion they welcomed a number of notables to join them for the festivities.

On the other hand, Thomas Jefferson, concerned with the political implications involved, did his best to ignore the Thanksgiving Proclamation altogether. There had never been any doubt concerning his opposition to the decree. The author of the Declaration of Independence argued that Thanksgiving was a religious matter and the Government had no right to interfere. To do so, he said, would be to violate the division only recently set up between church and state. Consequently, on November 26, Jefferson and his followers remained aloof from any participation at all in the day's activities.

ALEXANDER Hamilton, who had influenced the President to issue his historic proclamation, had arranged to celebrate the occasion with a banquet to be held at Fraunce's Tavern—at which turkey was to be the main course.

Taverns in those days did not carry the same connotations they do in this modern era. They were respected meeting-places for gentlemen, and Fraunce's Tavern had once been used by Washington as his headquarters and was also the scene of his farewell to his officers. It is now, in fact, a tourist attraction in New York City.

Hamilton arrived late at Fraunce's and his friends had already begun the celebration without him. Just before Hamilton put in his appearance, a young Army lieutenant arose and announced to all who would listen that he was completely sober. The veracity of this statement was challenged by another gentleman, and the donnybrook was on. Bottles were thrown, tables and chairs upset, and the lieutenant received a broken nose. Hamilton walked in in the midst of the bedlam. Alarmed that news of the melee might reach the public, he quickly quieted the uproar.

Washington did get wind of the brawl, nevertheless. Upset that a day of thanks could be so abused, he refused to issue a further Thanksgiving Proclamation for another six years. John Adams, our second President, tried it twice (in 1798 and 1799) but Jefferson was still to have his way.

He succeeded Adams as Presi-

dent and, his mind unchanged about government interference in religious matters, declined to issue a proclamation in any of his eight years as chief executive. Although his decision was made in good faith, it was not an entirely popular one, especially among New England clergy. One prayed, "O Lord, endow the President with a goodly portion of Thy grace, for Thou, O Lord, knowest how much he needs it."

Jefferson's attitude, however, was to prevail for the next sixty years. It was not until 1863, with the nation torn asunder by the Civil War, that Abraham Lincoln was persuaded by Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale to issue the first Thanksgiving Day proclamation since Adams. Thanksgiving, as we now celebrate it, dates directly from those troubled times.

The Autumn custom, however, had not died out in those in-between years, despite the absence of official proclamations. It grew, not only in New England, but throughout the country—even in the South where, prior to the Civil War, the governors of Georgia, Texas, and Jefferson's own Virginia, had issued proclamations of their own. By the time Lincoln made his request for a nationwide day of thanks, thirty of the thirty-four states were already observing it.

Thanksgiving Day is truly one American holiday that was not imposed from above, but rather grew among a grateful people until it reached such proportions that, when the Federal Government finally acted, it was merely recognizing an existing custom. ■ ■

The Fourfold Hunger of Man

By Richard R. King

THE sky grew dark; the noise became louder. The enemy wasn't big, but there were so many of them. Fear gripped every man's heart. Gradually the enemy descended. It was an invasion of locusts and now they were everywhere! Then men, women, and children by the thousands tried to combat the enemy, but they found themselves helpless. They used fire, water, sticks, stamped on the locusts by foot—but all these weapons were insufficient. Millions more descended and the air was thick with them; they bounced off bodies and landed on the ground, the crops, the houses, and devoured every living thing in their path. Finally, the locusts had gone but they left in their wake devastated crops with consequent hunger for all.

Hunger for Food

This tragic scene we've described took place in the upper reaches of the Nile. However, it could have taken place in several spots around the world—Nicaragua, China, India,

North Africa. The story is the same everywhere. After the locust invasion, a plea for help went out to the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization. A Belgian entomologist was sent to locate the breeding ground of the locusts and bring them under control.

Hunger is a difficult thing to fight, even though it is one of the basic needs of man. In fact hunger is the furthestest thing from the minds of most Americans. Statistics show that if the world contained only a thousand people, there would be 60 Americans and 940 people representing the rest of the world. Yet the Americans would possess half of all the world's income; the 940 persons would have the other half. So we well-fed Americans need to ask ourselves, Am I my brother's keeper? What responsibility do we have to help others in need?

How can a man feast on a big meal in a restaurant when another man is starving on the sidewalk? The fact that the ocean rather than a few feet of concrete pavement sep-

Mr. King is a youth editor for the American Baptist Convention, Valley Forge, Pa. 19481

arates us should not blind us from our brother's need nor harden our consciences against his desperate hunger.

It is said that two out of every three persons in the world go to bed hungry every night. Almost ten million people die in India alone every year. What from? Well, one basic cause is malnutrition. And many of those who die are infants or children or youth under twenty years of age.

Of course, Christians are doing something about this. Church World Service shipments of relief goods in 1964 amounted to 87,393,698 pounds, valued at \$32,752,415. The Share Our Substance program (SOS) of the Church World Service has distributed approximately 3,500,000,000 pounds of relief goods since the program began in 1953.

Then there is the work of the Children's Emergency Fund (UNICEF); the World Health Organization (WHO); the Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) and the Educational Service (UNESCO). We are doing *something* but we need to do more, much more.

Hunger for Freedom

A young man, thirty-two years of age, living in Hungary, a totalitarian state, tried to escape because he wanted to be free. Three times he tried but each time he was caught. His last conviction was a twenty-one month prison sentence. He lost his freedom in trying to gain it.

Finally when he was released from prison, he tried a fourth time to escape, and this time was successful. Now he is waiting in an

Italian Refugee Camp for the opportunity to go to a free nation that will accept him.

There are four basic hungers of man: hunger for food, hunger for freedom, hunger for education, and the hunger of the spirit.

Refugees from Tibet have traveled hundreds of miles to India on foot, half-starved, to reach freedom and safety from the Chinese Reds, after their land was conquered by China. Thousands of Cubans have fled their native country to live on the free shores of America.

A detailed survey in March, 1963, revealed that there were at that time 13,510,050 uprooted people around the world. Ours is the "century of the homeless man."

America is called the land of the free and deserves that name. In just 350 years our nation has grown to nearly 200,000,000 people, all of whom are in one way or another immigrants or descendants of immigrants. As the late President John F. Kennedy said, "We cannot speak at all of the 'immigrant contribution' to America, because there are no Americans other than immigrants or their descendants. We can only speak accurately of people whose roots in America are older or newer."

The Statue of Liberty has lifted high the torch of freedom, calling all men everywhere to come to her shores; and they have come. Since the years 1952 through 1961, 8,600 skilled craftsmen, foremen, and individuals have taken up their abode across our land. Likewise, there have come 14,000 physicians and surgeons; 28,000 nurses; 4,900 chem-

ists; 1,100 physicists; 12,100 technicians; 30,000 engineers; 9,000 machinists; 7,000 tool and die makers; and a host of others. Today, America, as always, stands for freedom for oppressed peoples around the world.

Everywhere men are restless for freedom and independence. They want to throw off every form of oppression. In fact, fifty-two nations since 1944 have come into existence that had not been free or independent before World War II.

Freedom! This is the desire of millions throughout Europe who listen secretly to their radios as the United States Information Agency (USIA) beams its radio messages to the closed societies on that great continent.

Hunger for Education

When God created man, he meant for man to grow in several ways, and one of them was growth of mind—that man might grow to his full personhood. So man's third basic hunger is the hunger for knowledge.

In the British Honduras, a sign hangs over the doorway: "Upon the education of its people, the fate of this country depends." Yet, 65 percent of the world's adults are functionally illiterate. Half of the world's population cannot read and write. Here is a tremendous waste of human life. Think of the millions of people who live in the chains of darkness of the mind.

The United Nations Declaration of Human Rights declares that everyone has a right to an education. For this purpose the United Nations Education, Scientific, and Cultural

Organization (UNESCO) was created. Half of UNESCO's budget goes to educational development, primarily for adult education.

America has a significant part in satisfying this deep hunger of man. Under the inspiration of the late President Kennedy, on September 22, 1961, Congress established the Peace Corps. There are three basic aims of the Peace Corps: (1) help the peoples of these countries meet their need for trained manpower; (2) help promote a better understanding of American people on the part of peoples served; (3) help promote a better understanding of other peoples on the part of the American people.

Today, there are 7,484 Peace Corps workers serving in 47 nations around the world, helping them to develop trained minds and trained manpower for the future of their own nations. Over half of the Peace Corps volunteers are in the field of education, teaching in nursery, elementary, junior and senior high schools, colleges, and universities.

Through UNESCO, the Peace Corps, and through more than 30,000 missionaries of all denominations people are helped to become persons through the development of their mental powers. A deep hunger of the mind is being met.

Hunger of the Spirit

Of the four basic hungers of man, the hunger of the spirit is the most important. Man is a spiritual being; he hungers for God. And only as this hunger is satisfied does a man become truly human.

Every president of the United States has called upon Almighty God for guidance and help. Each has known that only by the aid of the spirit of God could he govern and guide this nation under God. Thus George Washington prayed, “. . . in this first official act my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who ruled over the universe . . .” Likewise, John F. Kennedy sought God’s guidance; “. . . asking His blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth God’s work must truly be our own.” And President Johnson prayed: “And finally, to you as your President, I ask that you remember your country and remember me each day in your prayers. . . .”

In an all-out effort to help men satisfy the hunger of the spirit, the American Bible Society, founded in 1816, has tried to make God’s Word available in every known language. And it is well on its way of achieving this goal. Of the 2,796 known languages of the world, the Bible has already been printed in whole or in part in 1,167 of these. And presently, linguists and translators are at work on 220 more. Surely men need the challenge, the reproof, the insight, the inspiration and direction that comes from this Holy Book.

But there is more to life than just reading the Bible; one must be related to God who is the power of life itself and who is revealed in the Bible. Herbert Hoover once wrote: “There is nothing, no nothing, like

a Christ-honoring man in a high position of Government. It is then that our citizens know they are really getting their money’s worth in trust and integrity.” And it is Christ, himself, who satisfies this deepest of all hungers in man.

There is a magnetic power in Christ and he referred to that magnetic power of God in himself when he said, “I, when I am lifted up from the earth, will draw all men to myself” (John 12:32). Men everywhere have felt the tug of the spirit upon their lives that issues from Jesus Christ who died upon the cross. When men respond to the drawing power of Christ and ask his forgiveness for sins, a force greater than nuclear power comes into their lives. And they are transformed into new creatures in Christ. They are born into the kingdom of God.

So these are the four basic hungers of man: for food, for freedom, for knowledge, for God. Jesus grew in this fourfold way. As Luke says in his Gospel: “And Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man” (Luke 2:52). All men want and should have freedom to grow physically, mentally, socially, and spiritually.

There are three questions about life that each man should ask himself: 1. Am I growing in these four ways? 2. Where is my greatest need for personal growth? 3. Am I helping others to be free to grow in these four God-given ways? What are your answers? ■ ■

When you say to someone, “Be yourself,” you may be giving them very bad advice.—Jack Herbert.



Notebook in hand, Gatewood Folger of Chattanooga, Tenn., takes down information given to her by Dan Geagan of Watertown, Mass. Dan is describing ancient sculpture found during Agora excavations.

ARCHEOLOGY -- A Career

WE were sitting on the steps of the Stoa of Attalos at the foot of the Acropolis, wiping the sweat from our brows. It was late September in Athens, and although the sun was burning hot it did not dim the enthusiasm of the two young archeology students who were with me.

"Stay with Dan and me," Miranda said eagerly. "We can show you all there is to see." She was referring to

excavation findings relating to biblical days.

Miranda Marvin and Dan Geagan are archeology students at the American School of Classical Studies in Athens. They had come with me to the Stoa of Attalos, a grandiose Portico and colonnade (temple like) structure originally built in ancient times (B.C.) on the site of the agora.

In ancient Greece, the agora was the market place. The Stoa of At-

Photo Story by Dale Whitney

talos had been the place of assembly in the historic city of Athens. During thousands of years of Greek history, the Stoa of Attalos had gradually disintegrated, and was rebuilt in 1953-56 on the site of what is now the agora excavations. The reason for rebuilding the stoa was to exhibit archeology "finds."

We were now sitting on the stoa's white marble terrace below Doric columns eighteen feet high. I marveled at the reconstruction, an exact copy of the original stoa built in 150 B.C. Funds for the restoration came from private donors, mostly from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., but it was the American School of Classical Studies that was responsible for the rebuilding.

Miranda was spending her first year in Athens. She is a pretty twenty-two-year-old redhead from Columbus, Ohio, who hopes to become a teacher of Latin, Greek, and Archeology.

Dan Geagan already considered himself an "old hand" since this was his second year in Greece. Dan, who comes from Watertown, Massachusetts, plans to make a career in archeology in research and excavations, in interpretation of inscriptions, and in the sum total—writing reports on his findings.

Dan said, "Let's go!"—but I wanted to gaze longer at all this splendor.

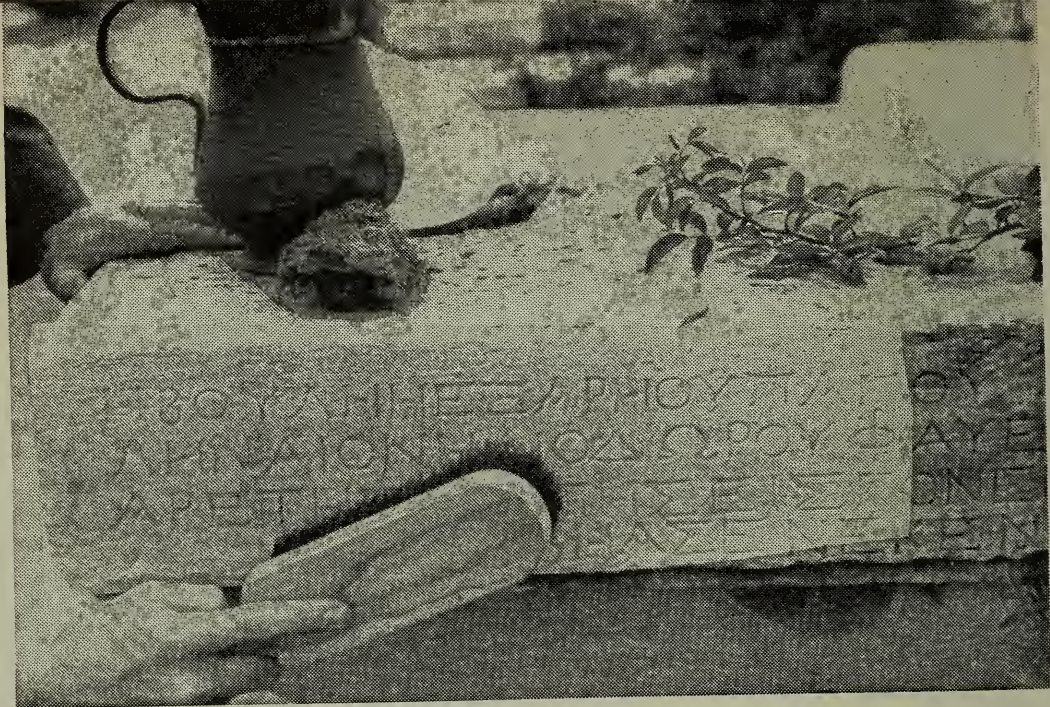
Could it be the heat? I imagined seeing ancient Greeks from neolith-



Dan and Gatewood tour the Agora excavations in Athens. Located at the foot of the Acropolis, the Agora has been a large excavation site of the American School of Classical Studies in Athens.

ic times walking down the Panathenaic Way, around the temples of their gods.

A span of 5,000 years represents the agora (see photos)—once upon a time the focal point of Athens community life. It covers an enormously large area and had been the governmental seat of administration, the chief place for marketing and business, and the scene of dramatic competitions and athletic events.



Dan Geagan specializes in epigraphy (interpretation of inscriptions). Here he is making a squeeze, that is, making an impression of an inscription of a monument or stone.

Excavations, which cover twenty-five acres, date back to 3,000 B.C. Tombs of valuable sculpture, pottery, and household utensils, have brought to light remains from all periods of Athens history. The Greek Archeological Society and the American School of Classical Studies are responsible for the excavations. Today, the findings from these excavations can be seen in the museum of the Stoa of Attalos.

"Define archeology," I said to Miranda.

"If you add the total of the world's knowledge in relation to what you have excavated," she explained, "this is an archeological science!"

"Science?" I questioned.

"Yes, because before you begin to interpret what you have exca-

vated, *nothing* is there, just earth and grass. But, through interpretation, which is the work of the archeologist, you have people and cities and you are pushing frontiers. Only now you push a frontier in archeology—the same way that you push a frontier in science."

Dan interrupted. "Of course in science you push forward, toward a frontier of the future. In archeology, you push back to a frontier of the past!"

By now Miranda's redhead bobbed up and down with excitement. "It is a study of first causes of the beginning of things," she explained. "If we know and understand man's past, we can speculate about our future!"

This was Greek to me, so I asked

Dan to define archeology in his words.

"It is the study of man's past; of how he lived before us, what he thought, what sort of political and economic systems he had, what his social life was, his religious beliefs, his artistic talents."

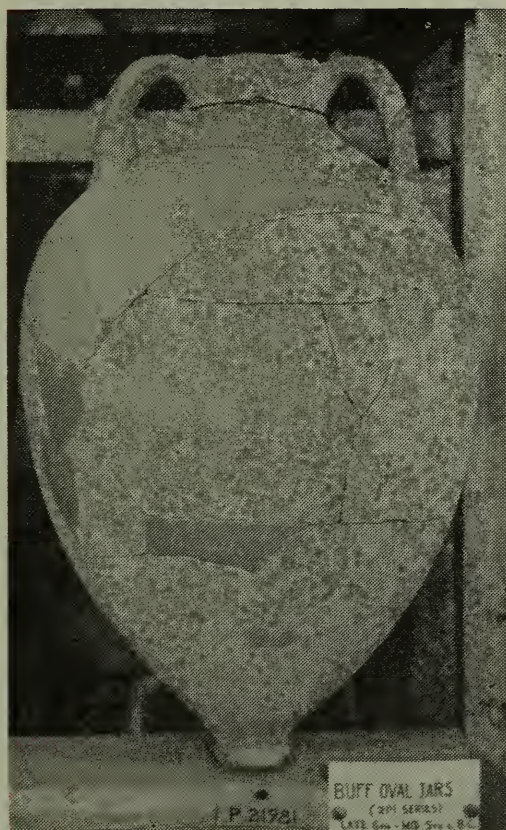
"Now ask Dan to define what is an archeologist," Miranda suggested.

"Anybody who cares about, tries



Miranda Marvin, Columbus, Ohio, and Dan Geagan, discuss ancient relic-pottery with Prof. Mylonas of Washington University in St. Louis, Mo. Mylonas, a Greek-American, is a famous archeologist.

One of thousands of pots excavated at Corinth now stored in basement of the Stoa of Attalos. During excavation only pieces were found, and little by little, pot was mended (like a jigsaw) until present form.

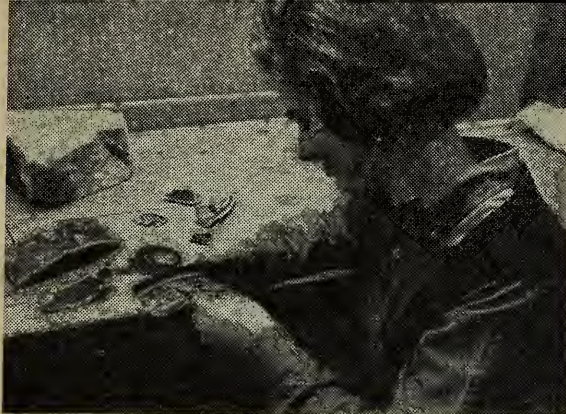


to learn about, and works in the field of studying ancient people."

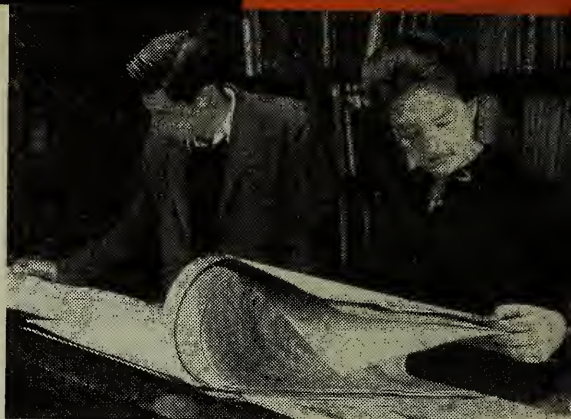
"Whatever he may study and interpret of ancient civilization," Dan further explained, "the archeologist is involved in science, the archeological science of man's past."

WE had not heard his jeep pull up and were surprised when Professor Edward Vanderpol said, "It is not necessary that an archeologist dig; it is just as valuable to work in a museum and to study the art objects already excavated, for it is the interpretation of those objects by the archeologist that is really important. It is the making of a piece of ancient sculpture into an exhibit that has meaning."

I had already met Professor Vanderpol. He has been an instructor since 1932 at the American School of Classical Studies in Athens.



Gatewood Folger learns mending. This is normally the work of skilled persons; but it is taught by the American school in Athens.



Miranda and Dan, in the well-equipped library at American School, spend hours going over drawings of molding, maps and excavation reports.

"What qualifications as a *human being* are needed to become an archeologist?" I asked.

"Curiosity, first of all," answered the professor, "and a certain ability to take the material at hand and to discover what the problems are, what questions this material raises, and then to have the ability to find out what problems this material gives answers to."

Dan Geagan was talking now. "An archeologist puts in long hours. For eight hours a day we are at the excavation site, supervising and recording. If I am not at the excavation site, I am in the school library twelve hours a day, writing, studying and researching."

"I think to be able to work long hours, to work hard, and to live with small groups of people, sometimes for months on end, is of equal importance," replied Miranda.

"Of equal importance," said Professor Vanderpol, "is the fact that you must be able to withstand hot

weather. It is also important to be a good sport when you are asked to peel potatoes or to do a job you don't like because you have to share all kinds of work."

"Of course, if we know that an excavation will take several years, then a house is built on the site for the archeologists and workers."

"Is archeology a good career to enter?" was my next question.

Professor Vanderpol replied, "It is important to emphasize the economic problems of archeology as a career. For students trained as professional archeologists, employment opportunities are few, and salaries are comparatively low. In addition, this is a field that requires seven to eight years of university study (three to five years post-graduate study) and usually a Ph.D. degree.

"Self-satisfaction is the real payment," declared the professor. "However, you can't support a family on self-satisfaction and I don't think a student should plan to make a career

of archeology unless he is so *deeply* interested in it that money is unimportant."

The best positions open to archeologists are those as college teachers or museum curators, but these jobs are limited in number. Professor Vanderpol finds that women are just as good as men in this field, whether they are digging, teaching, or recording.

Not all colleges and universities teach archeology, and not many museums can afford to have research men on their staff. In these jobs, the archeologist is expected to devote his time to teaching or to the care of exhibitions. His research (archeological diggings, recordings, etc.) has to be done in his spare

time. Those who are especially interested in diggings spend their vacations at excavation sites, either in the United States or in foreign countries. The choice of site will depend upon their special field of interest in archeology; the bronze age, the stone age, Indian relics, Mycenaean pottery, Egyptian antiquities, and the like.

Both Dan and Miranda plan to teach, although Dan would prefer to work at his special interest, epigraphy, the translation of stones and ancient governmental inscriptions. "I have to eat," he explained, "so I will teach, probably at a university."

Most of the students who spend a year at the American School of Classical Studies in Athens have no

The Stoa of Attalos reconstructed. Rebuilt in 1953-56 by the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, the Stoa is situated at the foot of the Acropolis. Before rebuilding, excavations beneath the Stoa revealed graves of the 15th and 16th centuries B.C.





Professor Edward Vanderpol with his daughter install findings from the Agora excavations into museum exhibit at the Stoa of Attalos. Funds for rebuilding the Stoa came mostly from John D. Rockefeller, Jr.



Everything excavated is photographed and identified. Here we see photos of methods, notebook, picture book and catalogue card—to show how everything is identified and recorded.

intention of becoming archeologists. They intend to teach and come to Greece to *see* the antiquities they will later discuss in classrooms. Of course, a few intend to work as archeologists and plan to dig, record, and put together the pieces that trace history.

What education has prepared Dan and Miranda for their work in Greek archeology?

They are both graduates of a university with a major in the Classical Arts; they have a working knowledge of ancient and modern Greek, Latin, French, German, and Italian. They

have studied the history of Greece from ancient times to the present, including every phase of Greek cultural and political life. They know how to read maps, how to measure, how to make archeological drawings for recordings, how to put bits and parts together in a meaningful research process.

A POINT of great importance which all students must understand before going into this field is: every phase of archeology is highly specialized, and the student must be *sure* of his interests. Before he be-



An architect of the American School measures the foundation blocks of a small monument in the Agora below the Temple of Hephaistos. The ability to do this is required field work in archeology.

gins, he must decide what his speciality will be. Otherwise, he will waste years of work. This applies if he teaches, works as a curator, or digs and records.

Dan Geagan stressed this last point. "Of course, this has nothing to do with digging a shovel," Dan clarified. "I can dig an excavation in the United States, but I would not know how to interpret the findings unless I had studied the facts of American civilization. The same is true for the archeologist in America who could not evaluate Greek findings."

Concerning the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, Professor Edward Vanderpol explained, "This is primarily a school for post-

graduate students which offers only one year of instruction. A student must have a working knowledge of the Greek language, because how can he know Greece without knowing the language?"

"All our students, like Dan and Miranda, must know five modern languages. They must also have majored in Classical Studies: ancient history, politics, cultures, ancient art, and related subjects such as archeology."

"Now, you will have to excuse me," Professor Vanderpol said. "I have work to do in the museum's basement. New findings have come in from Corinth. There are thousands of pottery pieces to identify and stick together."



This picture shows one of the methods of digging. A Greek worker is being lowered by heavy rope into a well at Agora excavation. In middle-eastern countries diggings are done by local men.

The professor sighed. "The work never ends, you know. It is true that an archeologist cannot get rich. But I, for one, live a self-satisfying life. I would not trade my career for all the gold that we might one day dig up from under the Acropolis."

The conversation had been so

fascinating that I had forgotten we were sitting on the steps of the Stoa of Attalos. Professor Vanderpol's departure reminded me *why* we had come here. Miranda and Dan started for the museum basement. "Come along," they said. "We want to show you the biblical findings."

People are won to Christ when Christians practice what they preach. This is as true in India as in America.—*Vital Christianity*.

Discipleship and Discipline

By George A. Buttrick

IF you now open the Revised Standard Version at the eleven verses (Matthew 7:13-23), or if you notice carefully the paragraph marks in the Authorized Version, you will see at once that we have here three small units of the teachings of Jesus. They are somewhat loosely joined, but each requires of the would-be disciple a certain discipline. Therefore our title for this study.

Scholars now know that in the "house churches" of the first century of the Faith (Jerusalem, Antioch, Ephesus, Rome) there were treasured *memorabilia* of Jesus: his sayings, his stories, his doings, and what happened to him especially on Calvary and on Easter Day; and that our Gospels are collections of this treasure.

They know also that this material was shaped (not falsified) to the needs of the early church. Part of the reason why the Gospels differ, for instance between Luke's "Sermon on the Plain" and Matthew's "Sermon on the Mount," is that the authors drew on the treasure of different "house churches" (there were no church buildings for two or three centuries), and that there were different shapings for different sets of readers. With all this in mind we turn to the first unit.

I

Here we have the familiar metaphor of the Two Paths: It is frequent in the Old Testament, as in Jeremiah: "Thus says the Lord:

Dr. Buttrick is a distinguished American clergyman, author of many books, and general editor of The Interpreter's Bible. He lives in Evanston, Ill.

Chapter 11 in a study of the Sermon on the Mount

Behold I see before you the way of life and the way of death." All of us think of life as "Pilgrim's Progress," and speak of a point of arrival "when journeying days are done." The early Christians described themselves as "They of the Way": that fine title occurs two or three times in the Book of Acts which was written by the same man who wrote Luke's Gospel.

Matthew here describes the wide road. It is wide, with room for lots of company ("Everybody's doing it, so why shouldn't I?") to bolster a false self-respect. It is easy, with little rough terrain and few hills: "the line of least resistance." Therefore, it is crowded. But it leads not to the creative fulfillment of our human nature, but to its "destruction." Does anyone need evidence?

Perhaps faith in Christ will always be a minority faith: we do not know. Certainly in our present world it is not a majority faith. Most people, in military service or out of it, prefer wide and easy reading, "Who Dun Its" and movie magazines, to the study of the New Testament; and many prefer wide and easy conduct, for instance a taken-for-granted sexual promiscuity. The reading leaves the mind empty or chaotic, and the promiscuity is hardly good preparation for a worthy home. To write thus is not a gibe at "puritanism," or, if it is, the cure for "puritanism" is not impuritanism.

Then Matthew describes the narrow way. It is narrow, with little room for a crowd of "jolly good fellows"; and it is both rough and steep. But at the end there is "life" and vital joy. However we may recoil from such language, the journey of life requires us to choose. If a man intends surgery, he cannot be catcher on a baseball team, for he cannot risk injury to his hands. Humanism tells us to "express ourselves," but the trouble with such counsel is that we are many selves. If we wish to express our Van Cliburn self we must spend long hours day by day in practicing, which means that our "always-a-good-time" self must be denied. We rebel against this restraint, but if as a preacher I would know my Bible, I must learn Hebrew and Greek (and Latin besides), which means that I cannot "sleep it out" each day and then go to the movies; but the end of that road is great gladness.

George Matheson says shrewdly that one item of baggage with which the disciple must part is a large mirror! The demand of finitude is that we must choose. The choice of many paths soon

comes to clear focus: there is a wide and easy path that caters to the senses, and a narrow path which fulfills the spirit. Does all this seem too gloomy? Matthew's Gospel has that cast. Luke's version of this unit speaks only of one door which men must strive to enter, and it rebukes the curiosity of those who ask, "Lord, will those who are saved be few?" Luke all told is more genial than Matthew: Luke forbids us in Christ's name to try to estimate the respective populations of heaven and hell. But Matthew's rigor is not false, nor is the end of the road for him any gloom at all. It is written of Jesus that "for the joy that was set before him," he endured the cross."

II

The next unit has two metaphors, sheep and tree, the second hard on the heels of the first. Perhaps in the original material in the "house churches" they were two separate units. "False prophets" means preachers who not only preached false doctrine, but were bogus in themselves. Who were they? Not "the scribes and Pharisees" so often mentioned in the Gospels, but phonies who had wormed their way into the leadership of the early church. Matthew and Luke are both late writing, perhaps as late as two generations after Calvary, and Matthew may here reflect the problems of his time, perhaps in the church in Syria.

These "false prophets" seemed outwardly true: they wore "sheep's clothing," as if they were sincerely of Christ's flock, but they "ravened" the church. They stripped it of funds, left it chaotic in emotion, and drained it of steady devotion to the "narrow road" of Christ.

You, who now read these lines, must draw the modern parallels. The early church called them "Christ-merchants," because they lined their purses, having first turned the gospel into a trading affair. The *Didache* (about A.D. 125), an early manual of church polity and liturgy, also warns against them, even to giving hints on how to detect them. A worthy minister went to hear a mountebank preach. The hall was crowded. The minister turned to his wife and said, "I couldn't fill this place." She replied, "No, but you could empty it, thank God!" Christ emptied it: He was left alone at last! He was "the good shepherd of the sheep," who said, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." The disciple should be Christ's true under-shepherd.

The metaphor of a tree is frequent in the Old Testament: Christ knew his Bible. The first psalm describes the righteous man: "He is like a tree planted by streams of water." A sound tree brings forth good fruit (if you are reading the older version the first "good" means sound, and the second "good" means good with overtones of beautiful: they are two different words in the manuscript).

Down the bank from where I write there are apple trees from the original farm. But they have not been tended, and their fruit is bitter. A sound tree (a disciple-tree) is deep-rooted in faith, the response of the disciple to the beckoning of God in Christ; it is cultivated by much prayer and the study of the Book, and it is watered by worship. So it brings forth good fruit of the Spirit.

That phrase, "cut down," is not mere language. Christ warned his nation that they would be "cut down" if they failed to fulfill God's will. Instead they chose rebellion against the Roman Empire that they might have a "place in the sun," and the result was tragedy. Our prosperity cannot save our nation if we are not rooted, cultivated, and watered in great faith.

III

The third unit may be labeled Profession and Practice. It returns to the theme of the "Christ-merchants." The striking item about them is twofold. *First*, they were eloquent in the Faith, and knew all the pious phrases. That was their plea at the judgment: "Lord, Lord, did we not prophesy [preach and pray] in your name?" "Lord" was then a word with many meanings. Its mildest meaning was our word, "Sir." Its stronger meaning was the greeting of a slave to the man who owned him: "Master." It was used in the mystery cults as the name of the god. But for the early Christians it meant, "Lord of earth and heaven." The phonies among the disciples knew that last meaning, and redoubled their use of it: "Lord, Lord."

Second, they did actually work cures, and actually perform other "mighty works" and seeming miracles. Of course a faith-healer can never grow a new leg where there has been amputation, or restore hearing where the aural nerve has been atrophied, but he may by coercive powers and a responding emotional tumult work cures. By the same token he works havoc in others by arousing false hopes. So the bogus Christians make their plea: "Lord, Lord, did we not cast out demons in your name?"

But the claim is ruled out of court. By whom? By Christ: the crucified Man is now Lord of earth and heaven. By what ruling? Only the man "who does the will of my Father who is in heaven" shall enter heaven! Why were the healings performed? For cash, to build a reputation, to make people gape? Some people are worse for being healed: they presume on the healing and "go the pace." And what of those whose hopes have been falsely quickened? The disciple is intent to live by and for the Spirit of Christ.

Ask yourself why Christ did not spend all his time healing people! A man eloquent in the language of the Faith ("Lord, Lord"), but disobedient in his secret life to the will of God and none too scrupulous in his public life, walked down the street, whereupon a man on the other side pointed to him, saying to his companion, "There goes the leader of our local atheist society." But the eloquent man was a church officer! Yes, but he gave far more encouragement to atheism by his disobedience than any atheist lecturer.

But is there not a difference in emphasis between this unit with its salvation by "good works" and the Pauline doctrine that "by grace you have been saved through faith . . . it is the gift of God—not because of works, lest any man should boast"? Yes, to write bluntly, there is a difference. The early church had two wings, a Jewish Christianity and a Pauline Christianity. As long as we are finite these differences will occur. Matthew belongs to the Jewish wing of the church. "Works" cannot save us, for what man dare claim to be righteous in the sight of God? The man who flaunts his "good works" adds pride to his earlier transgressions.

Yet the difference between Matthew and Paul is only one of emphasis: it is not a flat contradiction. For if we really know the forgiveness of God in Christ we shall try to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God" for Christ's sake. "Works" are not the *root* of any claim we may make, but they are the *fruit* of our faith. If there are no "works," are we really redeemed? So this last unit in The Sermon is not without its sharp truth, as the concluding parable makes clear.

What we have just written only underscores what we have frequently pleaded: any passage in the Gospels is to be interpreted in the light of the whole New Testament. Perhaps these introductory studies have given you desire for fuller study. As to the Bible other books sail safely up and down Long Island Sound, but the Bible dares the mystery, the storm and the wonder of the ocean: it does "business in great waters."



Treasure Is Where You Find It

By Estelle Davis Taylor

"I feel this was truly a blessed year of my life"

IN THE thirties, Dad paid five dollars for a month's rent of a sprawling old farmhouse on a hill, without a neighbor in sight, and we moved in. It was a great adventure—moving from a small settlement, where everyone knew what everyone else was having for dinner, who had a new dress, and who had a fight, and all of the details to a remote house, a full half-mile from another family.

The winding road that led to the house curved around a hill, ran past a barn, and wound uphill and ended at the weather-beaten shack. The yard and garden were a tangle of weeds, cockleburrs, stick-tights, and wild morning glories on this gray and warm November day.

My sister and I rode with the first load of furniture, and while Dad and Mom returned for a second load, we placed a few of the things into the rooms. We moved the old fire-burner oil stove into place in the kitchen, and smoothed the oilcloth on the table, untangled the chairs, and unpacked the pots and pans and dishes.

We were so young—I was fifteen, and Dorothy was seventeen months younger—that we were not dismayed by the fact we would have to bring water from the spring uphill the distance of a long city block. Dorothy and I explored the spring, and brought back a pail and a gallon jug of water. I filled the old gray enamel coffeepot with water, and added coffee and mixed corn meal with bacon drippings and buttermilk, while Dorothy peeled potatoes and dropped them in a pot of boiling water. We planned to surprise our parents and our two brothers by having a meal ready when they returned with the second and final load.

Then we explored the two upstairs rooms. One was unfinished, with beams exposed, and the paper was peeling from the walls of the other rooms. There was a small fireplace in the finished room, but the hearth was broken. There was a little door, we had to stoop to enter.

It proved to be a darkened attic room with little to see: An old salt-box used to salt away hams and shoulders and sides; a pile of dusty and discarded rags; and oh, yes, a few mouse-nibbled newspapers; and a dusty ragged book. I could not remember when I did not love books, even before I could read. This was a special treasure to me. It was *Joseph: Scripture Biography for the Young* and bore the subtitle "Critical Illustrations and Practical Remarks" by the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet.

It was old, dusty and falling apart, but it was a great treasure, one I have kept these many years. But we had to leave the attic and check on our food.

I stepped out on the kitchen porch to breathe in the fresh air, and gazed at the hills that walled us about, and I saw something red and shining in the grasses of the garden. I bounded over the fence like a deer followed by Dorothy, who was often referred to as my shadow. Here were treasures indeed! Tomatoes like great rubies, and bell peppers like emeralds! In November! The matted and tangled grasses and weeds had protected them from the light frosts we had. Jimson weeds, Bermuda grass, joe-pye weeds and saw briers had served a good purpose for once in my lifetime.

Our simple fare looked festive to us, on the flower-bright oilcloth. A huge bowl of boiled potatoes, steaming hot, seasoned with salt and pepper and bacon grease; wedges of corn bread still warm; a platter of sliced tomatoes; strips of green peppers; and steaming coffee. Dorothy had opened a jar of sweetened blackberries for dessert.

The faces of the two younger boys, and Dad and Mom delighted us. They were surprised that we had thought to prepare food in the first place. The out-of-season vegetables were a welcome addition to our simple menus, and a delight to behold! Excitedly, we told them there was a row of something we had never seen in the garden, but since it was in a row, it must be food. They went out to investigate and proclaimed it was artichoke.

We tried all the recipes in the book to make this vegetable more tasty, and though it appeared on our table often that winter, along with fried green tomatoes, and pickled peppers, we ate the artichokes more from a need and necessity than from choice, or liking.

Without radio, or luxury, and missing some of the comforts of life, I feel this was truly a blessed year of my life. We laughed and sang, and waded in the stream. We picked blackberries in summer, and every day, winter or summer, was a great storehouse of treasure. ■ ■

The Answer

By Viahnett S. Martin

WHEN our seventeen-year-old son, Seeley, after one year in junior college, enlisted in the Navy, I prayed for words to say to him that would help him in whatever lay ahead.

The words that came were these: "Son, if you are blue or homesick or discouraged, look around you and find someone who *looks* the way you *feel*. Then try to cheer that one. *It will help you!*"

In due time he went out into the Pacific—and was lost at sea with his ship.

A long time after, Don, who had been in our son's company at boot camp, came to visit us. This is the gist of what he told us.

"I'd get so disgusted I'd plan to go 'over the hill' and Martin (our son) would start wisecracking and kidding me, and I'd get so mad I wanted to poke him. But first thing I knew I'd be laughing, and be squared away again.

"He helped me with signalling in quartermaster school. I thought I'd give up but then he'd say, 'Come on out behind the barracks,' and he'd practice with me.

"Once I was stuck on some navigation. He said, 'Here, I'll write it down'—he was a whiz in navigation! A long time after I was on a PT

boat running the Slot at night and spending the day on Guadal. There was nothing to do. We fellows took magazines to pieces and shared them. I bet I read a letter you wrote me one time about fifty times. I thought I'd go nuts . . . then I remembered something Martin had said.

"He had said, 'If things get you down, look around and try to help somebody else out of their blues. It will help you. It helps me!'

"So I began to do it. And do you know I was a regular father-confessor to some of those fellows! Some of them were real *old*, thirty-five or so, and they'd talk and talk about their families.

"Well, it did help me to forget my own troubles, trying to give others a lift.

"Then one night we were out after the enemy . . . and we got casualties. I was the only one able to run us back to our hiding place and I couldn't think how to do it. Then I seemed to see what Martin wrote down in my notebook—and do you know, it was what I needed, and I got us back o.k."

A very grateful mother silently thanked the Heavenly Father, who had put those words in her mouth two years before. They had indeed been the "right ones." ■ ■

The Barrier

By Wayne C. Lee

**Ben thought his neighbors had put barriers up between them.
But he learned it was he who had built barriers**

BEN GADELL didn't like the looks of the wintry skies as he rode into town. But the chilling weather couldn't compare to the chill that was inside Ben, a chill that had nothing to do with the cutting wind.

If Ben could convince Lucy that they could live happier some other place, he'd take her far from this country as soon as they were married in the spring.

Ben had some errands to do in town then he rode to the east side of town where the Cardmans lived. Lucy answered his knock and eagerly invited him in.

"Can't stay long," Ben said. "Those clouds look like snow. I've got some cattle I'll have to get to shelter."

"It does look stormy," Lucy agreed. "But surely you can stay a while."

He stripped off his coat and hung it up. Then he turned to Lucy. He'd been thinking about this all week. He might as well get it settled right now.

"Let's get out of this country as soon as we're married, Lucy," he said.

Lucy stared at him in surprise. "Why, Ben? We've lived here all our lives. I thought you liked it here."

"Not any more," Ben said sourly. "Lately the whole country has been going downhill."

"I hadn't noticed," Lucy said. "What's wrong with it?"

"The neighbors aren't what they used to be. Nobody's friendly any more; everybody's out to nail your hide to the wall."

"I wasn't aware of that," Lucy said slowly. "Who says so? Your father?"

Ben nodded. "He ought to know, too. He's been here for thirty years. But he doesn't have to tell me. I can see it for myself."

"Who is being unfriendly?" Lucy went to the stove and put some coffee in the pot.

Ben twisted uncomfortably. Lucy sounded like a lawyer cross-examin-



ing a witness. But he could prove his point and he'd do it.

"That new neighbor on my north for one," he said triumphantly.

"John Silbay?" Lucy said. "What has he done?"

"He built that fence between us. Doesn't want our scrub cattle mingling with his pure blood stuff, Pa says."

Lucy was silent for a minute. "Your father is probably right about that," she said finally. "Mr. Silbay brought in Hereford cattle. But then maybe he fenced his pasture just to keep his cattle from wandering off."

"Si Bradford lived on that ranch for twenty years. And he didn't build any fence between us. We never had a minute's trouble with him."

"Surely you don't expect to have

trouble with John Silbay, do you?"

"I hope not," Ben said. "But Pa says a barbed wire fence in this country always leads to trouble. Stock aren't used to it. They get tangled up in it and cut themselves to ribbons."

"Your father isn't able to get around any more, Ben," Lucy said. "He doesn't understand the way things have changed. I'm afraid he's getting bitter. And he's making you bitter, too."

"I'm not making my decisions according to what Pa says," Ben argued. "I can see for myself the way things are going. None of our neighbors are as friendly as they used to be. But John Silbay is the worst. I think the best thing for us to do when we are married is to go

somewhere else and start out fresh. You know, a new marriage, new home, new country, and new neighbors."

"But are you sure we won't have the same old problems?" Lucy countered.

Ben shook his head. "I'd better go," he said, getting up.

"But I'm making coffee," Lucy objected.

"I'm afraid this weather won't wait," Ben said.

"You're right, of course," Lucy said. "Be careful."

BEN went out to his horse and started home. Maybe it was just because he was thinking so much of his cantankerous neighbors that he thought Lucy was referring to them instead of the weather when she warned him to be careful. Well, he'd be careful of both. But he couldn't help feeling there was a barrier rising between him and Lucy now like there was between him and his neighbors.

It began to snow before he got home. He urged his horse to a faster pace and headed for the area where he had seen some of his cattle this morning.

He found some of his cattle on the prairie, their backs humped up against the cold, drifting slowly to the south with the wind. He pointed them toward the corrals and got them locked in. Then he turned his horse north.

There were some draws where the cattle that happened to be up there would congregate in weather like this. If the storm wasn't too bad,

they'd be all right in those ravines. But if the storm was a bad one, those draws wouldn't give enough protection.

He found a dozen cattle bunched in one of the draws just south of the fence Silbay had built along his south line. Ben was about to push his cattle out of the draw toward the home corral when he heard bawling to his north, the mournful sound being hurled at him by the rising wind.

Ben pushed his horse to the top of the draw to see if more of his cattle were up there. But the wind was slapping the snow into his face so hard he couldn't see anything.

He nudged his horse along until he was stopped by the fence. Then he saw the cows that were doing the bawling. They were to his left on Silbay's side of the fence. Ben could tell they were Herefords, even though they were plastered white with snow. They were more blockily built than his cattle and had shorter horns.

Ben reined around toward the cattle he'd left in the draw. Silbay would learn a lesson if this storm was a bad one. Those Herefords couldn't survive as bad a storm as Ben's native cattle could. If Silbay wanted to save his prize Herefords, he'd better get down here and get them back to the barn.

Then, above the howl of the wind, Ben heard a squeal that he recognized as the complaint of wire being stretched beyond its limit of endurance. He reined his horse to a halt. Those Herefords were pushing each other into that fence in an effort to



follow their instinct and drift with the storm in the hope of finding some shelter.

They'd get cut to ribbons if that wire broke, Ben thought. But that wasn't his worry. That fence was like a barrier between neighbors, anyway. If the cattle destroyed the fence, that would be fine. And if they were destroyed in the process, it would serve Silbay right for building that fence in the first place.

Ben frowned. He didn't owe Silbay anything. But those cattle—It wasn't their fault that fence was there.

Ben hesitated a second longer as he thought of his own cattle. They would be all right for a while in that draw. He could take Silbay's Herefords home then come back and get his own cattle.

He reined around as the wire screamed again. Nudging his horse forward, he reached the cattle and with a whoop, waving his rope over his head, pushed them back from the fence. When they were back far enough, he dismounted and took the wires down, leading his horse across. He tacked the wires back, his fingers so numb with cold they would hardly hold the staples.

HE mounted then and began pushing the cattle north toward Silbay's barn and corrals. The cattle went reluctantly, spreading out and trying to turn their backs to the wind.

At first, Ben growled at himself for being such a fool as to do this for a neighbor who thought so little of the Gadells that he had built a

barrier between their places.

Ben finally got the Herefords up to Silbay's corral and was pushing them through the gate when John Silbay came around the barn, mounted on a snow-coated horse.

"Say, am I glad to see those critters," Silbay shouted into the wind. "I brought in all but this bunch. I didn't know where they were."

"I found them down along the fence," Ben said. "They were about to break through."

"Come on in and warm up," Silbay invited.

"Got my own cattle to get home," Ben said.

"Warm up first," Silbay shouted back. "Then I'll help you get yours. Tough job driving a bunch of cattle alone."

Ben knew that, all right, and he was half frozen. His cattle would be all right a while longer in that draw. So he rode into the barn and dismounted, then followed Silbay to the house.

The warmth of the house and the coffee Mrs. Silbay had ready set Ben's blood to tingling.

"I may have made a mistake bringing these Herefords out here," Silbay said as they soaked up the heat. "They will fatten out much better than the native cattle. But they can't take the weather as well. That's why I built that fence—so they couldn't drift away from me in a storm."

"The fence is just to keep your Herefords close to home?"

Silbay nodded. "Sure. You don't think I like barbed wire, do you? But I had to have it or get rid of my Herefords. Warmed up? Let's go get your cattle."

"I can manage alone," Ben objected. "No need of both of us freezing."

"Cattle can be stubborn in a storm," Silbay said. "But two of us will have no trouble. What good are neighbors if they can't help each other now and then?"

Ben went out into the storm again, feeling warm all over and it wasn't all from the heat of the stove. He had never really met and talked to John Silbay before. His only real contact with him had been that fence, the barrier.

But it wouldn't be a barrier any more. He and John Silbay would be more than neighbors now; they'd be friends. But what about those other neighbors that Ben had thought were mistreating the Gadells? Ben realized that the only barriers between them had been built up in his own mind. Only he could tear them down. And that would be easy to do now that he saw at last where they were.

He grinned into the teeth of the howling wind and didn't even feel the cold. He could hardly wait to see Lucy again and tell her that now all barriers were down. She'd understand and be happy. ■ ■

The most discouraging thing about writing jokes is to write a good one and find out that someone stole it from you hundreds of years ago.—Jack Herbert.

The Christian Walk--

Love and Sex

By Curtis R. Nims

THE Bible has something to say about our relationships as people, and especially in the area of the relationship between sexes. One question young people constantly ask is, "What is the Bible understanding of sex?"

Sometime ago I received a letter from a young soldier in Japan. He had discovered many of the men in his group were undisciplined in their moral lives and relationships with the opposite sex. He asked, "What does a Christian do in circumstances like these? What does he believe?"

Often ministers avoid this question, for it is not easy to discuss. The cheap exploitation of sex debases what should be one of the most beautiful relationships in this life. In the fifth chapter of Ephesians, our Lord used the marital relationship to describe our intimate relationship with him. So often, because of this exploitation of sex, it has been considered grotesque, crude, vulgar,

until the very word itself causes us all to be a little self-conscious.

The church must teach plainly that our faith has something to say about this vital matter. The Apostle Paul said, "Know you not that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit?" The people who read his letter knew exactly what he meant, for he spoke to the Corinthian culture. It was as filled with septic sewage as is the culture of our day. Paul had something to say to Christians living in the midst of a world whose total direction headed toward the end of heathenism: Self-gratification, pleasure, happiness of the moment. High on the hill above the city of Corinth stood the pagan temple of Aphrodite with the thousand prostitutes. In their false religion, these pagans worshiped their goddess with their bodies. "But," said the Apostle, "your bodies are temples—more glorious than any erected by the hand of man—

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temples of the Holy Spirit.”

Both the educated and the uneducated often misunderstand what the Christian faith teaches about sex.

First of all, the heathen's idea of sex is that whatever gives immediate pleasure is justifiable as long as two people agree on it. “Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die” seems to satisfy a tremendous number of people. Sex is part of the merriment. As Christians, we cannot embrace this careless philosophy. We cannot be children of the moment in sex or anything else, for everything we do is linked to eternity through our faith in the resurrected Christ.

The Christian teaching of sex is not to be equated with prudery about the body. Many people within Christian circles are misled at this point. They equate Christianity with Victorianism. Victorianism tolerated sex but kept very quiet about it. Sex was spoken of behind the hands, or out in back of the house, but never in public. The body is God's creation, and I do not think you could find a more beautiful, poetic expression of the dignity of our bodies than in Psalm 139.

For the Christian, *sex is not just a biological function or phenomenon*. Dr. Kinsey describes it: “A normal biological function acceptable in whatever form it is manifested.” For the purpose of his study that may have been an adequate definition. But in Nimsy's report on Kinsey's whimsy, it is utterly inadequate. I believe Kinsey himself would have admitted this had he known the Christian approach to life.

Sex for the Christian is far more than a biological function, for man is more than a mammal. It involves more of the person than that. Paul was thinking of the total nature of man when he wrote, “Glorify God, therefore, in your body.”

If we are to glorify God in our bodies, we must treat every relationship of life, including sex, under the ordinance of God. For the Christian, *sex is the physical accompaniment of a spiritual union of the meeting and mating of two kindred spirits*. This union of the body and spirit is what saved early Christianity from two superstitious, unhealthy evils. One was that the body was bad and you must try to get rid of it with all its desires and demands; the other, that things of the body are indifferent, having nothing to do with the spirit. Christianity holds that the body and spirit are one, making *soul* the real person.

For the Christian, *sex as a physical act without any union of spirits is sin*. It is false and ultimately utterly frustrating. Relationships that are only for self-gratification destroy and degenerate. 2 Samuel 13 tells of the prince in David's court who seduced a young girl. Modern novelists would end the story without the finale, but the Bible tells of the next morning. Very bluntly it states, “. . . the hatred wherewith he hated her was greater than the love wherewith he had loved her.” This is the old, new story. It is as old as David's court, as new as tomorrow's headline; as old as human nature, as new as your latest heartthrob. It proves that unsacramental love sooner or later be-

comes a self-hatred which is often projected to the person who has allowed himself (herself) to be used as a tool with the false notion that this is an easy way to popularity or acceptability.

Sex is a sacrament—a spiritual accompaniment of a spiritual union, a physical accompaniment of a spiritual union, as well. This is the Christian viewpoint. Sex for the Christian is not unromantic. It is deeply personal and rewardingly romantic. After thirty-three years of marriage, when I return home from a speaking tour and Mrs. Nims meets me, all of a sudden there is that aberration of the heart. Why? I can't explain it. Love is romantic. We cannot put it into a test tube and come up with a quantitative analysis, but it is there. We accept it.

Christian psychologists give us the real difference between love and sentiment: love always has a responsibility for the object of its affection. When we are in love, the other person's happiness and welfare come ahead of our own selfish desires. The Christian approach to sex carries with it responsibility, and freedom. "Thou shalt not commit adultery" is a firm and good commandment, but we all know people (men and women both) who have never broken the commandment, yet in their hearts have committed a thousand infidelities. The keeping of the commandment, as such, is not enough. Sometimes young people themselves attempt to establish a moral code of ethics in their relationships with the opposite sex. In all deeply personal relationships, a line

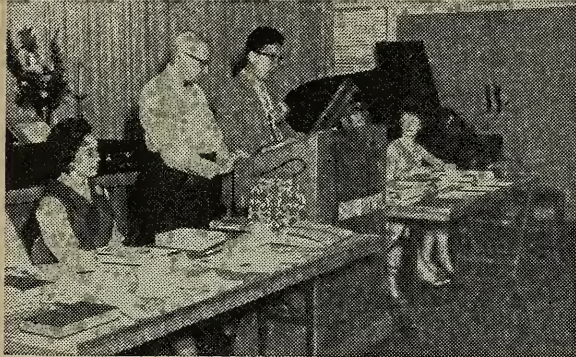
must be drawn. In this area of freedom and responsibility, the Holy Spirit, through Paul, enjoins you to "present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

The Christian concept of sex is high, but not unattainable. It may be beautifully illustrated in the story of a friend of mine who, on his wedding night, held his bride in his arms and said, "Dear, I must tell you that you are not the first one in my life." Then he went on, "But you will always be second. Jesus Christ comes first for me." She threw her arms about him and said, "Dear, I am so glad you have told me this. If Christ comes first in your life, there will never be any other second."

In 1 Corinthians 13, Paul tells what love should mean in the Christian life: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not (love), I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." I don't know what that says to you, but here's what it means to a Christian pastor thirty-three years married: "Though I might have the gift of Demonsthenes to be able to stir multitudes, and my wife and two boys fail to see the love of God in Christ in my life in our home, then I have failed as a Christian."

"Love suffers long, and is kind, . . . does not vaunt itself (doesn't boast), is not puffed up, doesn't behave itself unseemly, . . . Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, . . . Love doesn't keep a score of wrongs." (See 1 Cor. 13:4-7.)

This is love. This is romantic love. This is Christian love. ■ ■



Dr. Jiro Minato addressed the Naha Protestant Women of the Chapel in Japanese, with assistance from Dr. Paul Warner, who served as interpreter. L-R: Mrs. Merlin Weisz, Vice-president; Mrs. Joe Wise, president; Dr. Warner; Dr. Minato; Mrs. James Swain, welfare chairman; Mrs. Paul Singleton, hospitality chairman.

Mission to the Lepers on Okinawa

By R. G. Eisemann

LEPROSY is one of mankind's oldest diseases. It is a chronic disease of the skin and nerves and the name preferred by those who minister to its victims today is Hansen's disease. The new name comes from G. H. A. Hansen (1841-1912) of Norway who isolated the leprosy bacillus.

There are some 3,000,000 lepers in the world. In earlier days the leper was ostracized and considered a pest. However, today more humane treatment is provided for him.

American military personnel on Okinawa are finding out about the humane treatment now given to the victims of Hansen's disease. For example, Dr. Jiro Minato, chief surgeon of Airakuen Leprosarium located in Northern Okinawa, recently described the Christian ministry

to lepers as he spoke to the Protestant Women of the Chapel at Naha Air Base. He spoke in Japanese and his talk was interpreted by Dr. Paul Warner of the United Church of Christ on Okinawa.

First of all, he gave a brief survey of the care of lepers in Japan. He pointed out that concerned persons ran into many difficulties as they tried to do something for these people. In 1895, Miss Helena Riddell started a ministry with some of the 30,000 lepers in Japan. She requested aid from the Japanese government but was rebuffed. However, in 1909 the Japanese government provided money for construction of five leprosaria. On the whole there was considerable distaste for lepers by the general public—when a leper died he was buried

face-down and without benefit of a grave marker.

In spite of opposition, Miss Riddell was able to send an evangelist to Okinawa in 1919, but persecution forced him to give up in one year. She persisted and sent in February 1927 another man, a former leper named Kaesai Aoki. He worked as a barber and served as evangelist to the lepers with the result that considerable Christian impact was felt in Northern Okinawa. In 1935 a Salvation Army worker began to aid this unique ministry and still others began to help, with the result that a Mission To Leper (MTL) organization was formed. Lepers from all over the island began to congregate in the northern port of Okinawa, but opposition was stirred up to fanatic proportions. As a result, the Yabu villagers drove the lepers out and burned their shacks on June 27, 1935.

After retreating to Hanegi, an island near Yabu village, the lepers lived in caves. However, the intense cold forced most of them to flee Okinawa and go up to Japan to reside in a leprosarium there. The leaders that remained founded Airakuen Leprosarium and finally succeeded in gaining local government recognition and support in 1938. At the present time Kaesai Aoki, one of the key founders of the ministry born through Christian witness, lives in a small hut in a nearby village. Those who desire to contribute to an appeal for funds to build him a permanent home and provide for his necessities may do so through Dr. Minato at the Leprosarium, or

through Dr. Warner of the United Church at C.P.O. Box 218, Naha, Okinawa.

Dr. Minato noted that through the efforts of Mr. Aoki and those who followed him, 350 of the 790 residents of the Leprosarium are now Christians. The Hansen's Disease Preventative Association, originally the Mission to Lepers (MTL) no longer has the missionary zeal it once had, but still performs a valid and useful ministry.

During a question-answer period that followed his talk Dr. Minato pointed out that the Government of the Ryukyu Islands (G.I.R.) fully supports the Airakuen Leprosarium. Patients of Airakuen are referred to them by the G.R.I. Department of Health or by individual physicians. Approximately fifty new patients are admitted each year and approximately 50 percent are children. He said, "I regret that the general public is still hesitant about receiving lepers but progress is constantly being made as understanding grows. We wish it to grow more and more."

Following Dr. Minato's stimulating talk, Dr. Warner pointed out that the speaker has been a most active Christian laymen and that he spends each Saturday at the Church's Tira Clinic. He also spoke with gratitude of the work of Juanita Reed and Bruce Williams of the United Church who regularly teach at Airakuen. Thus, a few people are doing what they can to make life more meaningful for the victims of Hansen's disease on Okinawa where we have on a small island a microcosm of a world problem. ■ ■

A "Bank Note" That Changed the Law

By Vincent Edwards

IN the year 1818, George Cruikshank, the English artist, happened to be passing Newgate one day when he saw a great crowd massed around the prison. His curiosity aroused, he pressed forward to get a closer view.

Then, to his horror, he saw several men and women die as the gallows trap was sprung!

Deeply stirred, Cruikshank asked what crime these persons had committed. He was told that the women had been hung for passing counterfeit one-pound notes. He learned, too, that the poor creatures often sinned in ignorance, being the dupes of men who sent them out to buy some trifle and then return with the change.

Upon further inquiry, the artist found out how cruel and harsh were England's penal laws at that time. No less than three hundred offenses were punishable by death, ranging from murder to the theft of a piece of cloth or the passing of a counterfeit one-pound note.

Cruikshank's anger blazed forth against such fearful injustice that he resorted to an unusual scheme for

bringing it to everybody's attention. Going home, he quickly sketched a grotesque caricature of a bank note. He called it his bank restriction note—"not to be imitated."

It showed a striking scene. On it was a public scaffold with a row of persons hanging by the neck. There was a large central figure of Britannia devouring her children, and around it were grouped the convict ships that carried to Australia the forlorn crowd who had escaped the sentence of death. The note was decorated with halters and manacles, and in place of the well-known signature of Abraham Newland was that of "J. Ketch"—the slang name for the hangman.

Cruikshank showed his drawing to Hone, his publisher, and the latter was so impressed that he asked to be allowed to print some copies. So the artist etched the note and gave it to Hone, who put copies on exhibition in his window.

Neither Cruikshank nor his publisher could have ever dreamed what would happen as a result. Crowds swarmed around the window and bought copies of the note so fast

that the first edition was soon exhausted.

The artist had to get busy and make more etchings. At last the throng of buyers and sightseers became so great that the street had to be blocked off. On one day the Lord Mayor of London sent soldiers to drive the crowds away. Hone made \$3,500 within a very short time.

The furor stirred up by Cruikshank's drawing did not stop at the artist's shop. The bank directors of London were furious. They had not liked the storm raised by the prison reformer, Elizabeth Fry, but

they thought they had put her in her place. But here was a reformer of a different sort—he could be neither silenced nor controlled.

The hue and cry that Cruikshank's note had set up finally led them to hold a meeting and to decide not to print any more one-pound notes. In a short time it was noticed that the hangings at Newgate had fallen off. But the best result of all was that not long afterward the rising demands of the outraged nation forced Parliament to overhaul England's criminal code and to frame more humane laws. Cruikshank's banknote had brought a new day.



SECOND UN RECORD TO AID REFUGEES



The United Nations has brought out a second long-playing record in co-operation with the phonograph industry. Again it is to benefit refugees and it is a festival—an "International Piano Festival," played by distinguished artists.

In the picture on the left we see U Thant, Secy Gen of the UN, shaking hands with Ed Sullivan, who bought the first record. In the back is Alexander Brailowsky, one of the musicians who contributed a piece to the record.

The record sells for \$4.98 stereo and \$3.98 mono. Various PX's carry it. However, if you do not find it there, you may order directly from the UN. Address:

UN Bookstore,
United Nations, New York

Commitment -- To What?

By Elmer G. Million

I AM sure it is a good idea for my church to have two worship services on Sunday morning but I am not so happy about one of the reasons why we set up this plan. You see we have had a thriving Sunday church school. As a result we have found ourselves looking for a larger number of teachers each year. This year we reached the breaking point. We simply could not find enough teachers to staff our church school for two hours. So we rearranged our morning program so that the number of teachers actually available is equal to the number of classes to be taught.

Administratively the pattern we have worked out is quite impressive. For example, the junior highs use the same rooms during our first worship hour as our Senior highs do during the second. In this way more rooms are available for children's classes, which are offered exclusively during the first hour. Meanwhile, adult classes are offered during both hours. So we are making better use of our facilities, and can offer one hour of Sunday school for all comers.

But our pastor has concerns about the arrangement. He says that we have simply postponed facing a basic problem by this device. He believes we have not solved the problem of adult unwillingness to work with children. Each year we have found it increasingly difficult to enlist new teachers. And the affair became quite complicated when the present staff began to rebel. Many of them had taught for years, never getting into an adult class or to a worship service. Some complained that they had been teaching children so long that they now thought and responded like children. So in moving to two worship services we were really tailoring the demand for Christian education down to the level of the actual supply of teachers.

What else could we do? It is clear that our veteran teachers are overworked and undernourished. And the new people coming into our church resist the idea of teaching as if it were disease. A few persons will confess sufficient commitment to attempt teaching but then will beg off on the basis of their husband's erratic

home schedule, the demands of their own children, or the drain of a full time job.

But many of these same people do find time for other activities. The Brownies, the Mothers Club at school, the community fund raising drives and a host of other altruistic causes feed on the leadership of these people. How do you explain this situation? One of the reasons may be that these demands are occasional and short term. But I believe that the main reason for this paradoxical situation concerns motivation. And this reason has its theological, cultural and existential dimensions.

The Theological Dimension

I cannot escape the conviction that the key problem of our time is our practical atheism. No doubt our "fathers" who lived before our age of science and technology believed in God. He was very real to them. But science in our time has pushed back the horizons of space, and there is no heaven there. Meanwhile science has probed the depths of the earth and beheld no hell. The old world of mystery and power is broken up, and what do we have left?

Well, religion, some will stoutly insist, has always been spiritual—a matter of inner conviction and will. And now that the old external props are gone we are in a perfect position to be religious. This "spiritual" position was tenable before Freud. But now even we amateur psychiatrists can see that a person's so-called religious convictions are merely expressions of his own emotional prob-

lems or a club used to beat others into a desired position. Religion so often is ersatz.

So we finally come around to ask, Is there a God really? And if there is somewhere, someone or something which we might call God, what does he or it really have to do with us? Sure, we have heard about "Ultimate Reality," "The Source of Human Good." And who is not ready to admit that the universe and life rest on something beyond man. But is that God? Is it possible to get excited about this kind of abstract, naturalistic reality? And if this "ultimate Reality" or "Source of Human Good" is not really the same thing or person met by Moses or talked about by Jesus, is not it downright perverse to mix them up in the head of a child by the device of teaching?

Now the analysis and language of someone else will differ from my own. That does not matter because I am basically concerned here to have us admit that the typical church member's theology is totally inadequate. There is a need in our time for us to recover a faith that starts with revelation and takes its stand within the framework of the believing community of the New Testament. I say that people do not respond to invitations to teach about God simply because they do not enjoy a lively, meaningful faith themselves.

The Cultural Dimension

And even those who believe in God enough to want to teach others about him are so busy that they dread picking up another responsibility. Typically the father works in

one community and lives in another. The children are absorbed in school activities. The lady of the house does the family shopping, cooks meals, keeps house, takes clothes to the cleaners, and sometimes works outside the home to make ends meet.

Now add to family involvements the many, many valid and good community ventures claiming time and energy. Of course the believer looking for church school teachers will say that the church is at least as important as these other activities. And the prospective teacher will say, "Yes, but . . ."

We need not write out the rest of the story; we can leave it with "Yes, but . . ." because there are fundamentally two factors operating here. In the first place the sheer process of living takes so much time and energy that there is not much left over for "religion." Secondly, community ventures are looked upon as *living* one's beliefs and values rather than just talking about them. Community ventures are very concrete, bear obviously upon one's own family life, and quickly bear detectible results. Compared to them life in a Sunday school is remote and abstract. So why not work close to home where it really counts?

The Existential Dimension

But suppose a person not only enjoys a lively, meaningful faith in God but also sees teaching in the church school as very important. Why does this person refuse to teach?

These people do not teach because they know what a terrible drain it is to train children and

youth in their own home. Children nurture costs and many Christian parents say "no" to teaching in the church school for this very reason.

Conclusion

If this is the nature of the problem then how do we come to terms with it. Superficially the problem could be solved by emphasizing the use of the mind in coming to a lively, meaningful faith in God, by exhorting people to put first things first (assuming, of course, that the church is "first"), and by reminding Christian adults that the future depends upon the Christian nurture of children. Perhaps these obvious "answers" are indeed worth pursuing. But they are not adequate.

In our own congregation we are experimenting with a church school class for adults. This class is designed for teachers who have been teaching so long they need recharging.

A better approach, I believe, is an informal but regular gathering of teachers in a home for theological appraisal of their work. We tried this idea in a church in New Jersey. Youth leaders, for example, would meet once a month on Saturday night. The host or hostess would select the problem or issue for discussion, and the rules required that said problems grow directly out of one's own teaching experience. No holds were barred in the discussion. By this device people could secure a deep, probing and constructive handling of concrete experiences and problems. The result was that church teaching and personal growth in faith went hand in hand.

But these last two suggestions deal primarily with the active teacher and not with the prospective recruit. How are we going to widen the pool of teachers?

At this point I am afraid that I will appear reactionary. But I cannot see receiving into or maintaining in the membership of the church a person who refuses to teach for fundamentally no good reasons. Now do not get me wrong. I do not think everybody has to teach. The point is that we tolerate lazy, selfish people in the church who ought to be required to shape up or ship out. After all the Christian life is a serving life and every member should be found in some active service. So let the pastor and his deacons or session or whatever start taking church discipline seriously.

Lastly, I think the pastor or the chaplain and Christian laymen must resume the practice of visiting people in their homes in the interests of their Christian growth. Many people are religiously immature because nobody takes the trouble to challenge and to nurture them. So I am for lots of home visits and honest dialogue with individuals about their faith and life. It is in this kind of encounter that people come to know God and find themselves able to respond to an invitation to teach. ■ ■

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 24-33, Dale Whitney; page 53, UN High Commission for Refugees; pages 59-60, U.S. Army; page 61, U.S. Air Force.



Thanksgiving Prayer

O GOD, our Father, Thou of gentle hand,
Thank Thee, O Father, for this,
thy bounteous land!
Full barns of grain and cellars
stocked with food,
All gifts for man's continuous
livelihood.
Teach us to know the way of
truth and right,
Lead us in honor through our
darkened night—
Teach us to bow, and on our
bended knee
Raise full thanksgiving praises
unto thee.

— Paul K. McAfee

Lift Up Your Heart

As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no democracy.—Abraham Lincoln.

Whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely.—Charles Dickens.

An old story with a lesson: Three frogs were sitting on the bank of the river. One decided to jump. The question is: How many were left? Perhaps you don't suspect the answer. It is: three; the one just decided!

Faith is the bird that sings when the dawn is still dark.—Rabindranath Tagore.

The trouble with the radicals is that they are always urging us to travel some whither, any whither, ignoring the past, condemning the present, and hurling ourselves blindfold into the future.—Henry Van Dyke.

The difference between a non-Christian and a true Christian may be likened to that between a spectator in a football stadium and the man sent in to run back a kickoff.—Everett W. Palmer.

Alcohol spoils our youth and ruins our men.—A Philadelphia Catholic priest.

An error doesn't become a mistake until you refuse to correct it.—*The Christian Athlete*.

Christian obedience is man's readiness "clothed with power from on high" to do the will of God.—Andrew Harsanyi in *Thy Will-My Will*.

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without cooks;
But civilized man cannot live without books.—Edward Lytton

Brief News Items

Israel, 17 Years of Age

On May 6, 1965, Israel celebrated her 17th anniversary as a modern state. Israel today enjoys diplomatic relations with 95 countries of the world. Deputy Prime Minister Abba Eban called on Israel's Arabs to raise their voice for "a peace settlement based on the independence and territorial integrity of all the nations in our region."

Opposition to Peacetime Draft

Opposition to peacetime military draft, a stated position of several Protestant denominations, is finding expression also in the halls of Congress. U.S. Senator Gaylord Nelson, of Wisconsin, a Methodist layman, has announced plans to introduce legislation expressing the sense of the Congress that the draft should be replaced by a voluntary system if national security can be fully maintained.

Cuban Baptists Imprisoned

Herbert Caudill and his son-in-law, J. David Fite, two Cuban Baptist missionaries, were convicted in Havana to ten years in prison and six years respectively on charges of illegal foreign currency exchange. Caudill and Fite admitted that they had exchanged dollars for Cuban Pesos. A. B. Rutledge of the Home Mission Board stated that this action had been carried out with the full consent of the Home Mission Board.

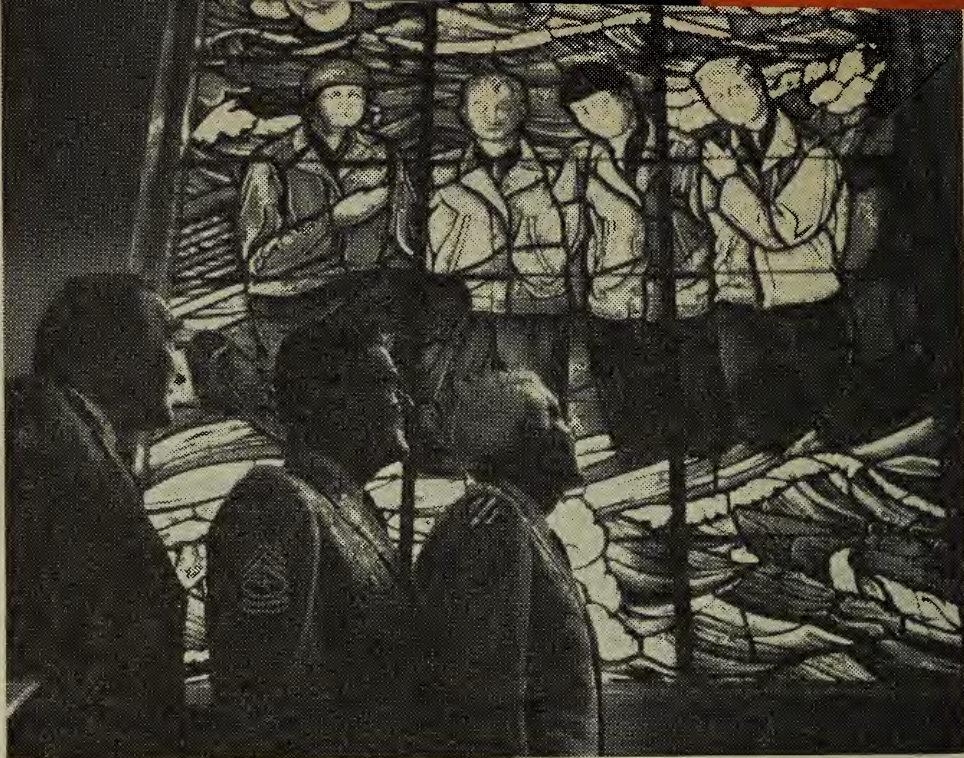
Mr. Rutledge pointed out that a number of Cuban Baptist workers employed by the Home Mission Board in Cuba had left assets with Caudill before leaving for the United States. They were reimbursed by the Home Mission Board in this country, and the assets they had left in Cuba were used in carrying out programs of the churches in Cuba.

Eisenhower Turned to Prayer

In an interview by the editor of *Decision* magazine, General Eisen-

SP/4 Maurice E. Griggs of HQ and HQ Company, 194th Armored Brigade, CDCEC, and SP/4 Bruce A. Stang of 794th Maintenance Company, say thanks for a delicious Thanksgiving Dinner. CWO Roman Kozlowsky, CDCEC's Food Advisor, created the Bible cake.





Stained glass window was recently dedicated at Carlisle Barracks to honor the Four Chaplains who went down with the troopship *Dorchester* in World War II. L-R: Dr. Daniel A. Poling, who gave the dedicatory address, S/Maj James S. Yearsley, and Maj Gen Eugene A. Salet, Commandant of the Army War College. Enlisted men donated the window.

hower described an incident during the invasion of Sicily in July, 1943, when high winds forced the troop-carrying planes off course. Leaving the aides with whom he was watching the skies for a part of the air armada, General Eisenhower climbed a hill in the rain and prayed (in his own words) "sturdily and earnestly."

The prayer, the interview indicated, was answered. The threatened disaster was averted and the landings were, in spite of losses, successful.

American Bible Society in 1964

During 1964, the American Bible

Society published 36,837,919 copies of the Scriptures. This carried forward a tradition established in 1812 when the Bible Society of Philadelphia imported the first stereotype plates for printing the Bible in this country.

The Jews in Spain

The Spanish government has granted legal status to the Jewish community in Madrid. This is the first such recognition of a Jewish community in Spain since the expulsion of the Jews from the country in 1492. Jews began to return to Spain at the end of the 19th century

and have enjoyed citizen rights, but no legal recognition as a community wishing to foster and practice its religion. The Madrid Jewish community numbers 250.

General Johnson Gets Degree

General Harold K. Johnson, Chief of the U.S. Army, last June was awarded an honorary degree from Illinois College at Jacksonville, Ill. In a commencement address, General Johnson said in part:

It is heartening to me, in talking to our young men in the rice paddies, jungles, and mountains of Vietnam, to find inspiring dedication to their task, an unwavering belief in the cause, and respect and admiration for our allies. . . . In speaking of Communist-inspired

Reception and dinner for Chaplain, Maj Gen, Robert P. Taylor, Chief of Air Force Chaplains, was hosted by Maj Gen Charles M. McCorkle, vice-commander, Fifth Air Force at the Fuchu Officers' Open Mess while Chaplain Taylor was touring the Far East. L-R: Chaplain, Col, William L. Clark, Office of the Chief of Air Force Chaplains; Mrs. Roy M. Terry; Chaplain Taylor; Maj Gen McCorkle; Mrs. Geddings.



insurgencies, General Johnson commented:

The disease of insurgency is spreading, and many Americans are discouraged, frustrated, and impatient with those we have sought to aid. . . . Many of us do not appreciate that the modernizing nations are being flooded with specialists in violence, most of them trained in Communist countries, bent on exploiting flaws in a nation's economy or social structure. . . . The victims of these attacks need, besides material assistance, our patience and understanding. . . .

Disasters in the USA

April 1965 in the USA witnessed a terrifying barrage of tornadoes, floods, disasters. The Red Cross reports that in a ten state area there were 251 deaths (mostly from tornadoes), 3,700 homes destroyed and about 30,000 damaged; nearly 100,000 persons given emergency care (food, shelter, clothing, etc.)

A New Language Edition for *The Upper Room*

Dr. J. Manning Potts, editor of *The Upper Room*, reports that a new language edition of the devotional booklet will be produced in Indonesian. Also there is the possibility of a companion edition in the Batak language. This will bring to a total of forty-four languages in which *The Upper Room* is printed; its circulation is three million copies which go to 120 countries.

Send us Your News.—

The Link Calendar

NOVEMBER used to be the 9th month in the old Roman calendar, as its name indicates, but now it is the 11th month due to the change of the beginning of the year from March to January.

This month is RIAL Month (Religion in America Life). RIAL is an inter-faith group which sponsors going to church in the USA. November also is Junior and Senior High School Red Cross Enrollment Month. Also the time for the March Against Muscular Dystrophy.

Nov. 1. All Saints' Day. An occasion for honoring all dead saints. Also Authors' Day: To encourage writers to help make a better America.

Nov. 2. Warren G. Harding's birthday, 29th President of the U.S. B. 1865. 5 Presidents were born this month. Harding on the 2nd; James K. Polk also on the second (the 11th—b. 1795); James A. Garfield on the 19th (the 20th—b. 1831); Franklin Pierce on the 23rd (the 14th—b. 1804); Zachary Taylor on the 24th (the 12th—b. 1784).

Nov. 2. GENERAL ELECTION DAY. Don't fail to vote.

Nov. 4. Will Rogers Day. To honor the noted American humorist (1879-1935).

Nov. 5. World Community Day. United Church Women.

Nov. 6-12. Miss Teen-age America Pageant in Dallas, Texas.

Nov. 7. 22nd Sunday after Pentecost.

Nov. 7-13. American Education Week. Focus attention on schools and colleges.

Nov. 8-14. Youth Appreciation Week

Nov. 10. Marine Corps Birthday. Corps established in 1775.

Nov. 11. Veterans' Day or Armistice Day. By presidential proclamation.

Nov. 14. 22nd Sunday after Trinity. Also World Fellowship Sunday (YMCA).

Nov. 14-25. National Retarded Children's Week. Also YMCA World Fellowship Week through the 20th.

Nov. 15-21. National Stamp Collecting Week.

Nov. 15-Dec. 31. National Christmas Seal Campaign. To fight TB and other respiratory diseases.

Nov. 19. Anniversary of the dedication of the Gettysburg Cemetery.

Nov. 21. 24th Sunday after Pentecost.

Nov. 21-27. Know America Week. To promote basic principles of liberty.

Nov. 21-27. Latin America Week. To promote closer ties between the Americas.

Nov. 25. Thanksgiving Day.

Nov. 25-Dec. 25. Worldwide Bible Reading Program.

Nov. 28. Advent Sunday.

Nov. 29. Christmas Parade. Hot Springs, Ark.

Nov. 30. St. Andrew's Day.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK, you will find four articles prepared not only for individual reading but also for group discussion. Lay leaders will also find this material helpful.

1. Count Your Blessings (page 5)

Bible Material: Psalm 104:1-9; Ephesians 5:20; Philippians 1:3

Give three reasons for counting your blessings. Why do you think Jesus gave thanks before offering the bread and wine at the Last Supper? How else do we express thanksgiving in addition to our words and prayers?

2. The Fourfold Hunger of Man (page 20)

Bible Material: Psalm 42:1-11

In what ways can we help the underprivileged and needy people of the world? What can you do as an individual to salvage human lives? How about your group? Contrast the Communist and Democratic ways in seeking to meet the needs of man as expressed in the fourfold hunger. In this fourfold need of man, what are the distinctive contributions of: the U.N.? the United States? the Christian faith? At what points do these efforts overlap?

3. Discipleship and Discipline (page 34)

Bible Material: Matthew 7:13-23

Why is discipline necessary? Should we fully express ourselves, tell what we really think? If so, how? Why does life always present itself as a choice between two roads? What is the exact relation between profession and practice when practice always falls below profession?

4. The Christian Walk—Love and Sex (page 47)

Bible Material: I Corinthians 6:12-20; 13:1-13

What does a Christian do in the midst of an immoral environment? In light of what Paul says, "Your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit," what is legitimate for the Christian to do? What is the Christian view of sex? How can we attain the high concept in the Christian view of sex? What is love? How can we live life on the basis of love?

Books Are Friendly Things

The Freedom Revolution and the Churches by Robert W. Spike. Association Press, 291 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10027. 1965. \$2.95.

This is a reasoned, powerful plea for the churches to continue—and increase—their support of the freedom revolution. Prior to the church's identification with the civil rights' movement, it had failed by its own discrimination, by its oneness with a white supremacy culture; it had preached equality of all men but hesitated to do anything about it *now*. Then came the freedom revolution and the church came to life—at least a part of it—and entered the struggle with its Negro brethren. "When it (the civil rights bill) was finally passed, friend and foe alike credited the passage of the bill to the persistent power of the church" (p. 108).

Now what of the future? The author suggests actions that ought to be taken by the churches—specific things such as intermingling of the races, participation in political activity, support of open housing, establishment of Freedom Schools. There is still a possibility the freedom revolution will "disappear like fluff," declares Bob Spike; we are camped before the Red Sea. "The church may be able to help, at least part of it, by being called once again to the clear imperatives that Christ's life and death keep before it" (p. 126). This involves sharing its resources—money, people, theology, worship—and by joining with God who is a living one and is known "in the struggles of men to live beyond themselves" (p. 119).

The Battle of El Alamein by Fred Majdalany. J. B. Lippincott Co., E. Washington Sq., Philadelphia 5, Pa. 1965. \$4.50.

Another book in the series of *Great Battles of History*, edited by Hanson W. Baldwin, Military Editor of the *New York Times*. This one recounts the critical conflict between the British and the Germans in the Egyptian desert in the fall of 1942. The victory of their fighting force encouraged the British people who had been through three dark years and was the turning point for them in World War II.

Blood and Fire by Edward Bishop. Moody Press, 820 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. 60610. 1964. \$2.50.

The fascinating life story of General William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army.

Two-Way Street by Mary Blair Immel. Bethany Press, Box 179, St. Louis, Mo. 63166. 1965. \$2.95.

A good novel about a teen-ager who faces the problem many young people in America face today—divorced parents (with 1,000 divorces a day). Karen struggles her way to a new maturity.

Sound Off!

(Continued from page 4)

Donation for THE LINK

Enclosed is a check for one hundred dollars (\$100.00) as a contribution from the Protestant Chapel Fund of the United States Naval Hospital, San Diego to THE LINK magazine. We are ever grateful to you for providing us with this fine monthly magazine to give to our many patients and staff members. It is a real blessing!

—LCDR Warren H. Johnson, CHC, USNR, U.S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, Calif. 92134.

(Thanks. Many thanks. Generous contributions like this help to pay the printing bill for the free copies of THE LINK which go out to those who do not have chapel funds to pay for it.)

Wants to "Adopt" a Child

As I was reading your magazine, which I like very much, I thought maybe you could give me the information I've been looking for. Sometime ago I was reading a magazine where I noticed that a person could "adopt" a child in a foreign country. Money would be sent to support a needy child; then the person adopting that child would get the name, the age, pictures, and information in general about him. Could you direct me to such an organization? . . . As I am serving in the Armed Forces in Turkey, I have very little contact with the outside world, but I can help in this small way.

—Sp/4 Clyde J. Walker, TUSLOG Detachment 67, APO US Forces 09380. *(We sent Sp/4 Walker information contained in an article that appeared in the May, 1963 LINK about the Christian Children's Fund; Director Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke, China Bldg., Richmond, Va. Also we dispatched a letter to the Rev. John W. Schauer, Jr., Dept. of CWS, 475 Riverside Dr., New York, N.Y. 10027, for additional information. We are grateful for this desire to share and to help the needy children of the world.)*

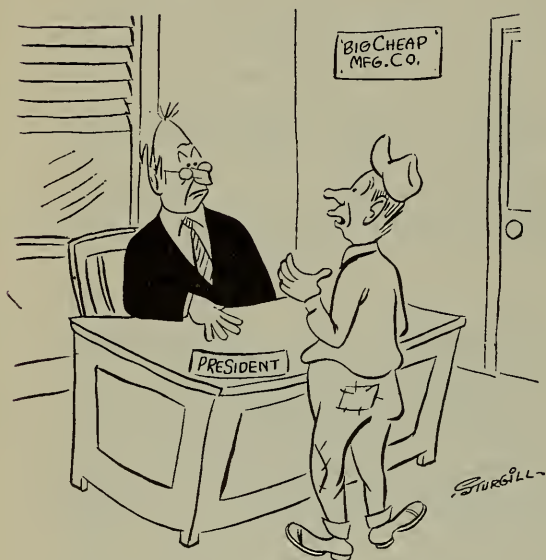
Wants Information About the Church Covenant

Last year on one of my visits home I noticed that the Church Covenant had been attached to the inside of the hymnbook. Upon reading it for the first time several questions came to my mind as to the development and history of this Covenant. . . . I find little is known about this Covenant. Therefore I am writing you. Any information you can supply will be most appreciated.

—MSgt Donald E. Wilson, Hq. 30th Air Div (SAGE), USAF, Truax Field, Wis.

(We recommend for information the following books: We Covenant Together by J. Winston Pierce—Broadman Press; also Encyclopedia of Southern Baptists—Broadman Press; A Baptist Manual of Polity and Practice by Norman H. Maring and Winthrop S. Hudson. We are informed that J. Newton Brown is the author of this covenant. In 1833 he presented to the Baptist Convention of New Hampshire a confession of faith and this covenant. The two documents were first published in 1853.)

At Ease!



"Sir, I wouldn't ask for a raise, but somehow my kids found out that other families eat three times a day!"

There is a Romeo-Juliet story going the rounds where Romeo says: "Juliet, my heart of love is burning for you." Juliet replies: "Come now, Romeo, don't make a fuel of yourself."

Student (leaving college): "Good-bye, sir. I am indebted to you for all I know."

Prof: "Don't mention such a trifle."
—*Watchman-Examiner*.

Among the people filing into an air-raid shelter was an old man. In one hand he carried a long-handled shovel to deal with incendiaries, and under the other arm he had an old-fashioned harp, presumably for entertainment.

"My word," said one shelter-ee to another, "there's a fellow who's ready to go either way."—*Builders*.

Much to a couple's surprise, the baby they had expected turned out to be triplets.

"Are you pleased?" the mother asked the stunned father when he arrived at the hospital to see them.

"Sure," he grinned. "But I'll tell you one thing: next time you're going to a retail hospital!"—Hugh Burr in *Quote*.

"Is your son a good listener?" a father was asked by a neighbor.

"Yes," replied the harassed parent, "when he's playing rock 'n' roll records, when he's watching TV, when he's on the telephone and when he has his transistor radio on."—F. G. Kernan.

The minister had finished his sermon in which he had contrasted the blessings of heaven with the punishment of hell.

Appealing to the congregation, he asked all to rise who wanted to go to heaven. All stood except one man. Next, he asked those to stand who wanted to go to hell. No one rose. The minister asked the non-voter where he wanted to go. "Nowhere," said the contented man, "I like it here."—Anna Herbert.





